

# Bitter Sweet

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July, 1984



Monhegan Island Race

Hallett Sailmakers of Portland, Maine  
A Moxie Centennial • A Martin Dibner Profile  
4th of July Events • Stock Car Racing



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The uplands of the northeast are handsome. Old and dignified and durable, clothed in the ever-changing garments of the seasons, they make the best calendar pictures. Don't they? Look closer, friend. Those purely white winters are hard. In "blazing" autumn the wells dry up. Beneath the spreading chestnut tree, bright with the promise of spring's buds, the mud is two feet deep. And sparkling summer? If I remember right, it happened on a weekend in July in '83. The soil grows rocks faster than you can haul them out of the garden, and the land lies up and down at the most inconvenient angles.

Who would live here?

We do. We're BitterSweet, a magazine about the place, and especially the people. We celebrate our work and the things we create out of necessity. We celebrate our play, our art and our craft, the things we do to satisfy ourselves and bring joy to others. Our pages reflect our homes and our communities. In BitterSweet we publish articles, essays, photographs, drawings, fiction, poetry, history and humor by and about *us*. You can subscribe today. Look for the postage-paid card in this issue. Or mail \$15 with your name, address and zip code to BitterSweet, P.O. Box 266, Cornish, ME 04020.



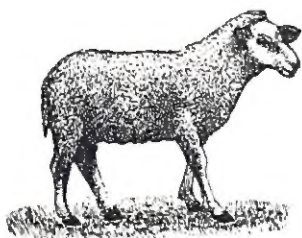
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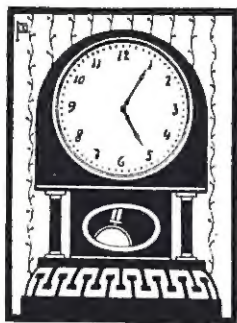


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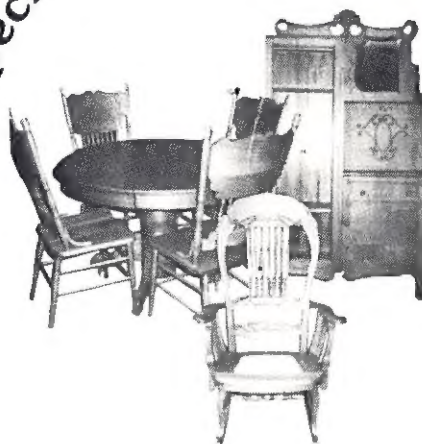
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## BitterSweet Views for July

"Lest We Forget," the little tan suede diary said when I found it among some boxes at my mother's house; "Being a Book for Ladies' use, in which to record Memoranda, Engagements, etc., with special pages for Church Notes, Club Notes, Dinners, Weddings, Days at Home, Card Parties, Record of Guests, Household Inventories, Birthdays, etc." *Whew!*

The pages were inscribed "1907," but the diary was written later than that—probably the late 1940's and early 1950's, judging by the scrawl of my cousin's name on one page, in the hand of a beginning penman. It was the repository of notes made by my mother's aunt as she worked as store keeper and post master of her small village.

In those days, "Aunt Flora" Abbott also wrote a column for the local paper—a very homey, folksy column full of news—like who was shingling whose roof, who had just had a baby shower, and who had bought new heifers. She started writing "To The Folks Away And At Home" during World War II, when so many hometown boys and girls were away, and it just continued until her eyesight couldn't sustain the writing of it any more.

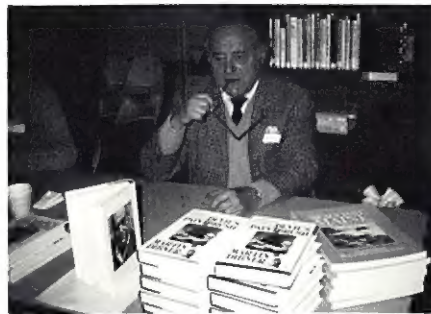
I wish there were more of her kind of column writer in the small towns today, passing on the funny things people have to say each week and chronicling the birthday parties. She preserved the positive feeling of community for a long time, I believe, throughout a time when the world was beginning to change drastically.

Even if people didn't know the folks in her hometown, they read her column, for it contained a lot more than news and gossip. Her mind delivered a philosophy straight out of her humor, her religion, and her common sense.

I'd like to share with you some independent American thoughts for Independence Day from a truly independent woman:

"It certainly exasperates me, to say the least," she wrote, "when some person here for a short time comes in and, even (though) he doesn't say so right out, intimates that this is the last place God ever made, and where He dumped all His extra rocks. I might retort that New York City, just for instance, was made entirely by man, and, while man was pretty good (to hear him tell it), he was by no means omnipotent and lacked the power to do what God had freely done for the country."

*Above: 1929 LaSalle Moxie Horsemobile on the road in 1982. Photo courtesy Doris Katz, Duxbury, Mass. Below: Martin Dibner at a book-signing.*



"By the time the bugs and worms all get around to pester us, we may look back and say winter was a pretty good time after all. I'm downright disgusted that ants have appeared before we have had a chance to enjoy summer. Should think even an ant might have some sense of decency. Ain't it the truth—something is always taking the joy out of life. You no sooner get your feet warmed up than the ants appear."

"It's amusing to see the young people. Their entertainment used to be get in the car and ride half the night. Now they might as well go to bed. (They'll) have to find their girls nearer home (during gas rationing)... In the good *old* days, our courting was more circumscribed, being bounded by the limits of the distance we could drive a horse and still get back before Dad and Mom got up in the morning."

"When we go after things we want, whether we get them or not depends on whether we use our backbone or our wishbone."

"Thinking and planning and finally achieving—there's nothing like the satisfaction it gives you. There is nothing about riches that promotes happiness; rather the reverse. And when I hear fathers say they want to get something ahead for their sons and daughters because they don't want them to have as hard a time as they did, I am sorry, for it is hard times that make them into something worthwhile—a state they all too seldom achieve with easy living."

"Aunt Flora" never had children of her own, but she spent many years trying to mother her church, Grange, the community club and fire association and library she founded, as well as the historical society and all her nieces and nephews. Her homilies were culled from the poets and philosophers of her day. And if she got a little preachy, that didn't detract from all the good she promoted in her little town. What was important was her precious mind and spirit.

July, 1984's *BitterSweet* is full of tales of indomitable mind and spirit, and

Page 4 . . .

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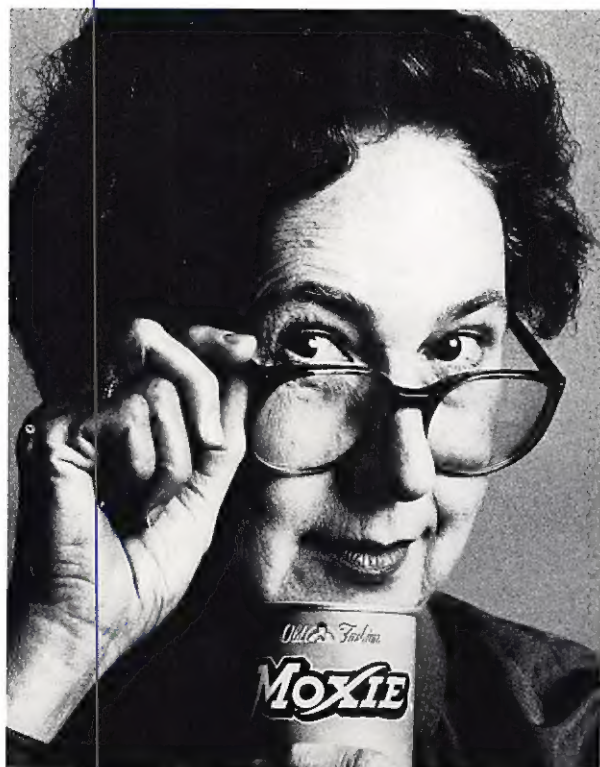
interesting people who live in the woods and mountains and along the shores of New England. There are interesting women in our pages—women who make sails and contribute to auto racing and write fiction and photograph animals. And there are men here who make maps and design sails and pick berries and study nature and invent unique soft drinks.

Martin Dibner is here (pictured below at a book signing). Martin is probably one of the most well-known men in the literary world of Maine. His life has been fascinating and his support and promotion of BitterSweet has been untiring.

Welcome to our pages. If you have not been here before, I hope you will return. If you have been here before, I know you will return. We're looking at your neighbors, friends and family, and the way of life you love.



*Nancy Marcotte*



## "I'VE LEARNED TO TAKE THE BITTER WITH THE SWEET."

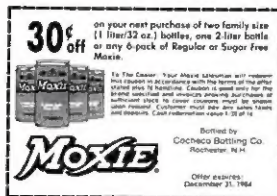
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## letters to the editor

# Ayah

## PEOPLE WE KNOW

The last time I was in Fryeburg, Maine, I was unable to buy one of your magazines in the stores which used to carry it.

Yesterday when in Fryeburg again, I got the Jan.-Feb. and the April issues and am delighted with them.

Although I hadn't heard the rumor about its no longer being a Western Maine magazine, I was glad to read it refuted in the Jan.-Feb. issue, as that is my main reason for enjoying it so much. It is about people and places both my husband and I know.

Congratulations!

*Daphne Buzzell  
Groveland, Mass.*

## SPICE OF LIFE

Enjoy your magazine very, very much and to read articles by local people like Lucretia Douglas from West Baldwin, also from Jack C. Barnes of Hiram. Our whole family enjoys the magazine very much, it is well worth the price.

I was baking an apple spice cake one afternoon, this poem came to my mind...

As I look out my window in the early days of spring,  
I cannot help but wonder what events the summer will bring.  
The snow has gone from lawn and flower beds.  
The crocus and tulips are trying to show us their heads.  
But they are waiting, like us, to see a warm sunny day.  
April is nearly gone and "Oh, Yes!" for the month of May!

*Hilda Cannell  
Bridgton, Me.*

I received "BitterSweet," May issue and love it!

The most outstanding photos are in the Eastman Smith Covered Bridge article! Very impressive with a strong impact!

... The quality of your magazine is really exciting.

I look forward to reading the Hannibal Hamlin article and the Sukanya article. I saw her dance at Bowdoin College once and loved it. Jack Barnes is a very good writer. I look forward to reading both articles.

I liked the poem "Spring Turning," by Dalmar McPherson of Gray. The Civil War looks like a good article as well as Separations — Fiction by David Reichenbacher.

All in all your magazine is really shaping up. You have some exciting articles and offer Maine a broad range of creativity on a wide variety of subjects, poetry, literature, history and the arts. I love it!

*Pat Davidson Reef  
Falmouth Foreside, Me.*

## LOST

Since you asked, you lost me when you failed to print a couple of poems, written by a friend, that made much more sense than the junk you did print in your poem section.

It is a very nice magazine and the size didn't matter, but when you couldn't even acknowledge some material that was better (in my opinion) than what was printed, I gave up.

*E.D. Curtis, Jr.  
Dryden, Me.*



# Martin Dibner: *Maine's Renaissance Man*

by Jack C. Barnes



Lt. Dibner, on Pacific duty in the '40's



Martin today. Jack Barnes photo

Since 1948, Brooklyn-born Martin Dibner has resided most of the time in his remodeled farmhouse overlooking Pleasant Pond in Casco. After surviving the sea battles and Kamikaze attacks of World War II as a gunnery officer (aboard the cruiser *Richmond* in the Aleutians, and the aircraft carrier *Ticonderoga* in the Pacific), he welcomed the opportunity to come to Maine and, with his two brothers, operate Tall Timbers—a summer camp for boys. He wanted to raise his two sons in a wholesome rural atmosphere.

He graduated from the University of Pennsylvania in the mid-1930's with a degree in business administration and elective studies in art. Dibner's versatility and determination enabled him to survive the Great Depression. Following employment in department stores in New York City and Philadelphia, he decided to try his luck in Miami. Soon after his arrival, he landed a job with the *Miami Daily News* as assistant art director. His natural talent for art paid off; he was soon given an opportunity to do editorial art, including some anti-Nazi cartoons of the early years of Hitler's

rise to power. His work attracted the attention of Burdine's, which at the time was Florida's largest and most distinguished department store; and he was offered a position as executive art director.

Dibner's art career was abruptly interrupted when the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor. He immediately resigned his position at Burdine's, drove to Key West, and enlisted in the United States Navy.

The war left scars on Dibner that healed slowly, but it also gave him a first-hand insight into the nature and the emotions of men at sea—living together in cramped quarters, and almost daily faced with the trauma of impending death. Somewhere in the lonely and dangerous waters off the Aleutians, Dibner felt compelled to tell his story.

"I'm never going to get out of here alive," he remembers thinking. "So I began to write—putting things down as they happened."

The Navy's Book & Magazine Bureau, directed by Roger W. Straus (later president of Farrar, Straus & Giroux, the publishing company) cleared several sketches and articles

to *Esquire* and *Town & Country*. But Dibner harbored feelings much too deep and emotional to be published in ordinary magazines. Straus was quick to recognize that Dibner's unusual literary qualities were more suited to the writing of fiction.

"Your experiences," he told Dibner, "are too personal—too passionately felt. You're a natural story teller. You should be writing a novel."

It proved to be the best advice Dibner ever received and was the catalyst that launched him on the career he has followed ever since.

Dibner wrote his first novel, *The Bachelor Seals*, in 1948. It was released by Doubleday, publisher of all his novels thus far.

Dibner is best known for a trilogy based on his Navy experiences—*The Deep Six* in 1953, *The Admiral* in 1967, and *The Trouble with Heroes* in 1971. *The Boston Herald* acclaimed *The Deep Six* as "one of the greatest novels about the American Navy during World War II."

Film star Alan Ladd bought production rights to *The Deep Six* in 1954. Dibner was unhappy with the movie itself. "It was a rather sad version," he comments dryly, "of a rather good novel."

Dibner's versatility and his remarkable ability to tell a good story is reflected in subsequent novels such as *A God For Tomorrow*, *Sleeping Giant*, and *Showcase*—a trio Dibner refers to as "a mixed bag."

*Showcase*, published in 1958, is, in my opinion, one of Dibner's finest novels. His pre-war experience, working in department stores, enabled him to acquire a depth of knowledge about the merciless wheeling and dealing behind the facade of a fashionable Fifth Avenue department store. *The New York Times* referred to it as "a fascinating behind-the-scenes novel of a big city department

store. High powered, swift-paced—expert."

"*Showcase* did best financially of all the novels," Dibner explains. "Joseph Mankiewicz bought movie rights. At the time, he was producing a film called *Cleopatra* with Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton. It lost nine million dollars."

After the *Cleopatra* debacle, Mankiewicz's Figaro Productions went bankrupt and its properties reverted to 20th Century-Fox, where Dibner's novel sits today—unproduced.

Dibner chose the Moosehead area for one of his most recent novels—*Ransom Run* (1977)—a real thriller from be-

not intentionally, puts a good part of himself in his books. He is calling upon some part of him that rings so true that the reader can't help grasp its authenticity."

Martin Dibner has never been a prolific writer. Nine novels in thirty-seven years is proof enough that he has been a writer who has concentrated on quality and craftsmanship rather than quantity. Although Dibner loves his work, he openly confesses that there are many times when writing is sheer agony. As he explains, "I write and then I rewrite. I have never turned in a piece of work to any magazine or to my publisher that hasn't been worked over at least two or three times."

Whenever Dibner is working on a book or article, which is most of the time, there are always four typewritten stacks of paper neatly arranged on his desk according to color. Blue represents the first writing; pink, the second; yellow, the third; and white for the finished product.

Dibner usually composes on a typewriter from handwritten notes, but more recently he has

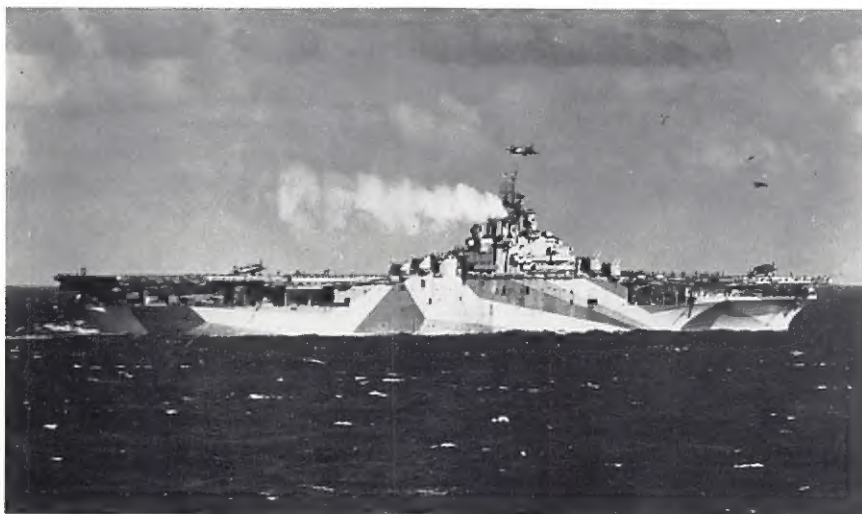
been dictating to his secretary who takes shorthand notes and later delivers the transcribed copy.

"It works surprisingly well for me. It's like a live word processor. And I'm going to continue to work along those lines."

Does he ever consider trying a word processor?

"I doubt I ever will. Even a typewriter is a source of interference with my train of thought."

Not only is Dibner an impeccable writer, but also he is a meticulous researcher. He spent five years researching and writing his latest novel, *Devil's Paintbrush*, including several weeks in Europe, especially in Spain—which is the setting for much of his novel. His depth of knowledge of the little-known



U.S.S. Ticonderoga, 1944. United States Navy Photograph

ginning to end. Film actor Ralph Belamy is enthusiastic about the novel and would like to play one of the leading roles.

"He wants to come to Maine," says Dibner, "and shoot the whole movie right here, but he's been unable to get a studio, or a director or producer interested."

Novelist Leon Uris once referred to Dibner as "a great story teller." Dibner's ability to spin a yarn has been enhanced by his varied experiences in life and his conscious efforts to weave these experiences into almost every one of his novels.

"I tend to forget that so much of what happened in my life is in my books. I think that's what makes for good writing—when an author unknowingly,



Flemish painter Hieronymus Bosch, so evident in *Devil's Paintbrush*, has gained him recognition from a foremost authority on Bosch and the art of the Middle Ages.

Dibner's affection for Maine and its people is reflected in his *Seacoast Maine* (published in 1973 and still in print), which features superb photographs by George Tice. He also designed and edited *Portland*, a handsome 1972 publication of Greater Portland Landmarks, about the beautiful old houses, preserved or destroyed, of Maine's largest seacoast city.

Dibner has always manifested a deep interest in local town histories. He has written a story of his own town—Casco—and is currently at work on revising and updating the history of Paris Hill, an historical section of South Paris.

Along with his Paris Hill project, he is writing a juvenile book, his first. It is illustrated with nine Milton Avery paintings done for an earlier story, long lost.

"I always wanted to do a children's book with Milton Avery's paintings.

Their deceptively simple forms and sophisticated color arrangements are fascinating both to children and adults.

"It hasn't been easy to create a fresh story to fit already existing paintings. Usually it's the artist who illustrates the author's stories.

"I must have looked at those pictures a thousand times before I got a hook into it. Now I have a story that fits exactly the mood and the details of the pictures."

Aside from his active literary career, Dibner has contributed much to the art world from California to Maine as lecturer, writer, critic, and consultant. He is best known in Maine for helping plan and design, and then direct the Joan Whitney Payson Art Gallery in Portland. "Clerk of the works" is how he de-

scribes his early role. The gallery, at Westbrook College, boasts a permanent collection including Van Gogh, Picasso, Homer, Wyeth and others.

Dibner enjoys sketching and painting, although he has been too busy lately to do much of either. The sketches of major characters that appear on the inside covers of most of his novels were done by Dibner, and many of his sketches and paintings are on display in his home. He is especially fond of the Japanese traditional style of painting called "sumi-e" and, in the 1960's, studied this art form for two years with Moto-Oi, a celebrated sumi-e artist in Los Angeles.

Despite his own demanding career,

novelist. He speaks reverently of Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings, author of *South Moon Down*, *Cross Creek*, and *The Yearling*. "She was a powerful influence on me and my writing."

Shortly before her death in 1953, Dibner was a guest at "Cross Creek," her retreat in Central Florida where he wrote much of *The Deep Six*.

There were others, such as Roger Straus, who took the time to lend Dibner a helpful hand when he needed it most. He remembers, and so he has compassion for others who have talent but who are drifting without a rudder.

One of his most recent discoveries is Cissy Buchanan of Kennebunk, whose

primitive or naive art is now sought after by nationwide art galleries and collectors. Unknown as an artist, and working as a hostess at a local Burger King until about two years ago, Buchanan was discovered by Dibner, who recognized her talent and admired her work.

"There is no way I can ever repay him for what he has done for me. I am now able to devote full time to my paintings.

I have never known anyone who is so loved." (An exhibition of Cissy Buchanan's paintings was recently on display at the Brick Store Museum in Kennebunk.)

Since Dibner finished *Devil's Paintbrush*, he has appeared on several television and radio interviews, and now does a weekly spot as "Critic-at-Large" on WMTW-TV, Channel 8, the 6 P.M. and Late News on Wednesdays.

"There are no unreasonable limits; I talk on the arts or anything else I want to. Why not? After all the scar tissues I've accumulated."

Dibner has found a new channel in which to exercise his vast storehouse of knowledge of the art of creative writing. During the recent spring semester, he taught a course on writing fiction at the



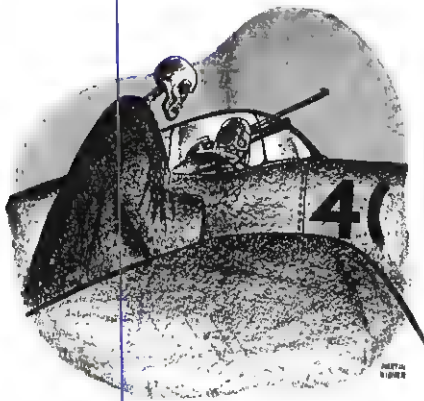
*Picasso in 1955 with Eric, Nancy and Steven Dibner. Martin Dibner photo.*

Dibner has established a reputation for helping aspiring young writers to get published and artists to gain public recognition. Portland's Randolph Dominic and William Barry, co-authors of the new historical novel *Pyrrius Venture* (Little, Brown & Company), dedicated their novel to him in appreciation of his encouragement and assistance in finding a publisher.

Randy Dominic says of Dibner, "He is always ready to help people. He will go out of his way to encourage someone who is trying to get published. He has known many great people—Pablo Picasso, Frank Lloyd Wright, the Gershwins; but to him the little people are just as important as the big people."

Dibner has not forgotten, however, what it is like to be a young, struggling

*The death's head says:  
"Remember Now, Women & Children First!"*



*"Something Worth Defending."  
The Eagle's Eggs: Life, Liberty, Pursuit  
of Happiness*



*Martin Dibner cartoons, Miami Daily News, 1938 & 1939*



*Mussolini & Hitler offering Peace?*



*The men in Europe's Mud Puddle say:  
"C'mon in, Sammy, The Water's Fine."*

As far as his own writing career is concerned, Dibner admits that he has made only what can be considered a modest living from his writing, but he lives comfortably alone and maintains a very cheerful attitude toward life. If there were times when he felt frustration and anger, those days have long since passed.

As we sat together one morning in his pleasant kitchen filled with the aroma of bread baking, enjoying tea, cheese and crackers—Martin Dibner summed up his feelings about his writing.

"I don't get angry anymore. I survived the Big One; I made it through World War II in one piece when so many others did not. So there is an absence of stress in my life. I'm perfectly content to be able to write a book and say what I have to say. Success consists in equal parts of talent, luck and hard work. If a book happens to become a best seller—great, but money's not what drives me to write. I write because I feel compelled to, and in doing so, I'm fulfilled."



*Martin at home, in his garden. Jack Barnes photo*



University of Southern Maine in Portland

"I happen to love teaching very, very much," he confesses.

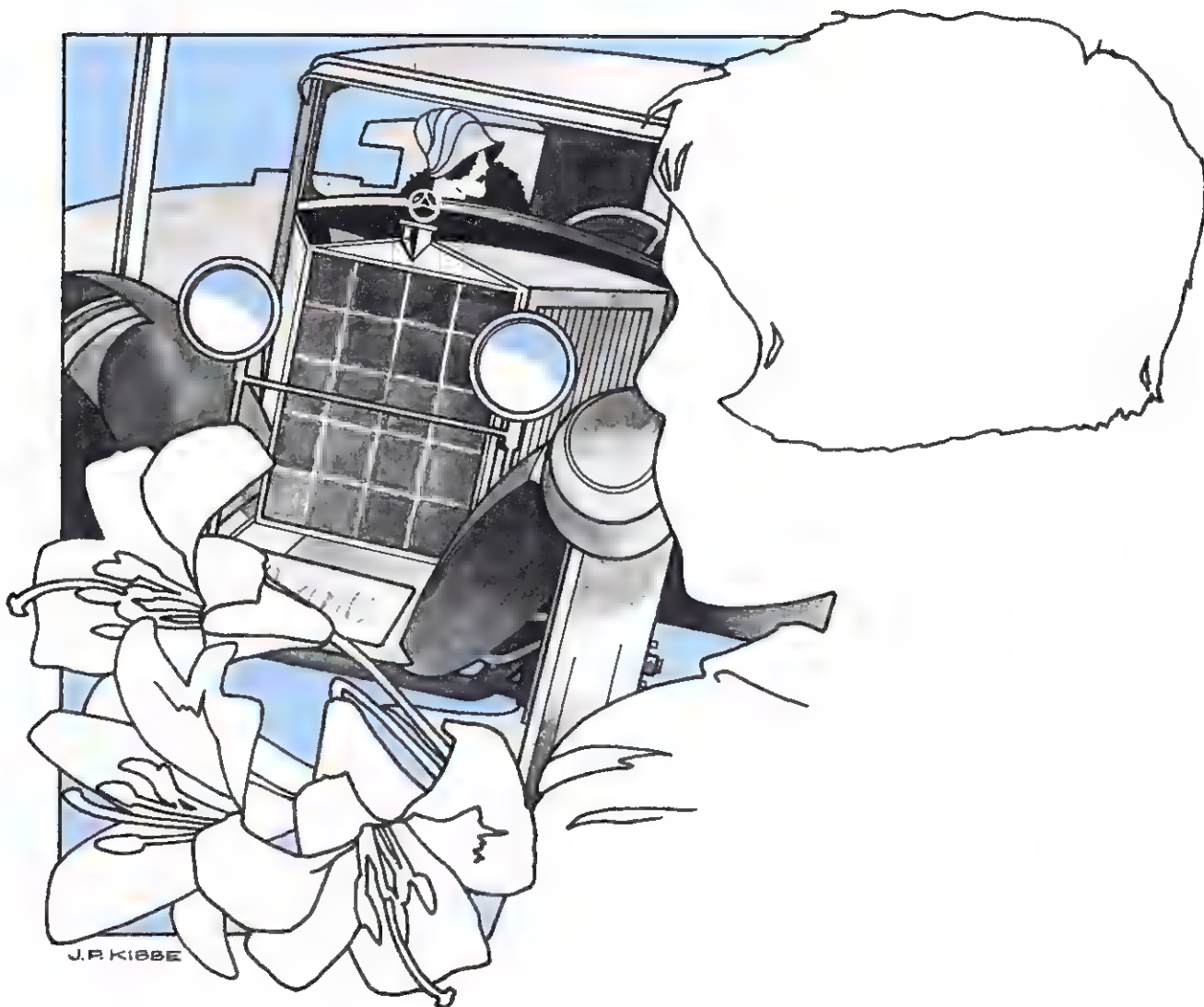
Dibner is as exacting a teacher as he is a writer, and he is dismayed that so few students have been taught the basic skills necessary to become a writer.

"They claim they want to be writers, but too few of them realize how necessary it is to build on a foundation. I feel sorry for anyone who wants to write, who has no deep-rooted background of

study. They must read more; they must read the classics and good contemporary writers.

"Reading at home is important for beginners. Parents should have plenty of good reading matter around, and they should read often to their children, who then will grow up loving books, loving stories. Today we're facing the problems of a generation that was reared on television, and we are seeing the tragic effects of it."





# *Picture Without A Frame*

*by Beatrice H. Comas*

*Illustration by Jana Kibbe*

*Please turn the page*

This cannot really be called a story since my brief encounter with the heroine took place within a period of two weeks in the summer of 1925 and as I never saw her again, I do not know the ending except as I have imagined it.

First, you should know a little of my personal history. I was the only child of middle-aged parents who lived on a street where there were no other children or pets. I had a cat and a dog but, being so much alone, I became dependent upon my daydreams for company. I roamed the fields in back of our two-hundred-year-old house picking mayflowers and wildflowers, and peering into woodchuck holes. I lay on my back staring at the sky and wondered what it would be like to be old, which for me meant thirty. I pictured myself married to somebody vaguely called a husband without even conjecturing how he might become the father of my make-believe children, named for people I secretly admired but hardly knew, like our family doctor or a visiting evangelist.

One summer morning after my usual breakfast of cornflakes and sliced banana, followed by the half hour of piano practice in the cool front parlor on which my mother insisted, I wandered into the yard, as was my daily custom. I liked to sit on the big granite slab, our front doorstep, and watch the horses and wagons and occasional Model T's that passed. I could not very well avoid looking across the street at the austere white house with all its dark green window shades lowered to the same level.

This house was owned by a formidable, elderly widow who "took in" summer boarders and treated all children with condescension, although her relationship with my mother was almost warm. When my good-natured, hard-working father volunteered to help her with some household emergency on his day off, she became girlishly coy. There were no repair men to call in the '20's. The nearest plumber was ten miles away and his services were not often called-for in our village where dishwater drained from sink to spout and emptied into the vegetable garden. We knew that the undertaker, grocer and local judge had bathrooms and a few other fortunate families had water closets. We

had a two-holer in the shed adjacent to the barn where our old Studebaker, covered with horse blankets and a buffalo robe, always waited out the winter.

One thing was noticeably different on this particular morning. No one was ever allowed to walk on the Widow Clark's immaculate lawn, so I was surprised that a hammock had been strung from a corner of her house to a giant elm and that in it was a young woman swaying lazily back and forth. Around her head she wore a silk band, so popular in the Jazz Age. Her bobbed hair was the color of maple syrup with the sun shining through it, and she plucked lightly on the strings of a mandolin.

She spent every morning in the same way—strumming or reading a book. Promptly at eleven a.m. she would slide out of the hammock and stroll unhurriedly to the local post office, which was housed in a feed and grain store. I never saw her either post or receive a letter.

After this ritual she would return to the hammock until she was summoned to the hearty noon meal Yankee women always served. Judging from her willowy figure, I doubt that she ate much of the heavy fare, which probably included hot biscuits, meat, buttery vegetables from the widow's garden and desserts like steamed blueberry pudding, raspberry pie, or gingerbread with whipped cream.

After the midday meal she went up to her room until the heat of the day had passed; then she would appear, looking cool and refreshed in a pastel dress of voile or dotted Swiss with dainty slippers to match. How I longed to emulate her, but little girls were dressed in the morning and—unless they fell into a mud puddle or were invited to a birthday party—those clothes stayed on until bedtime.

Adeline—for that was her name—would seldom move from the hammock until Widow Clark called her inside for a "picked-up" supper. Water for tea was heated on the oil stove in the summer kitchen then; it was unthinkable to start a wood fire in the range on a hot night.

At dusk when my parents were watering the garden, and the air was spicy with phlox and sweet william, we might see her sitting on the front porch with

Widow Clark. But, on those summer nights, the mosquitoes soon drove us all in. Her bedroom light was soon out; she retired as early as the rest of the villagers.

As a protected, solitary child, I had not hitherto developed much curiosity about anything outside my immediate sphere, but I was impressionable and watched Adeline a lot from behind the curtains. I convinced myself that she looked over and smiled but I was never sure and I hadn't the courage to cross the street unbidden.

It was rumored that she was the orphaned niece of a wealthy woman with extensive business holdings who had read of this genteel boarding house through an advertisement. Apparently she had been sent to this New England village to "get over" an unsuitable love affair. Her aunt seemed to assume that if she were separated from her persuasive lover for a couple of weeks she would be completely cured of her love-sickness.

On a rainy morning at the stroke of ten o'clock, a chauffeur-driven Pierce-Arrow rolled into Widow Clark's yard. Perhaps it was only because of the dismal weather, but I thought Adeline looked more forlorn than usual. With her arms full of books and her mandolin, she meekly followed in the wake of her imposing aunt. The chauffeur opened the rear door of the limousine and Adeline glided out of my life as noiselessly as she had entered.

Widow Clark has been dead many years and there are not even any remains of the colonial house across the street—it later burned to its granite foundation. If Adeline is living she is over seventy years old. She may be a stout, comfortable matron who bakes brownies for the church guild or knits mittens and sweaters for her grandchildren. Perhaps she is one of those elderly, peripatetic women one meets on guided tours who are so undeniably American that they never quite fit into the local ethnic landscape.

Of course I hope she eloped with her lover and lived happily ever after but life does not provide many fairy tale endings. Only in the writer's imagination does love conquer all.





# MAINE'S CLAIM TO MOXIE'S FAME

by Frank N. Potter



You simply can't get any more American than Moxie  
...nor more Moxie than Maine!

*MOXIE...concocted by Dr. Augustin Thompson of Union...and promoted by Frank Morton Archer of Lincoln...is this nation's oldest carbonated soft drink, continuously produced for 100 years; but its distinction does not rest on these laurels alone.*

*"It's the darndest tastin' stuff," admits Frank Anicetti, Jr., of Lisbon Falls, "but it's wicked good!"*

—Frank Sleeper in the *Maine Sunday Telegram*, January 24, 1982

## THOSE MOXIE DAYS

When Frank Anicetti isn't busy handling bottles—even cases—of Moxie to his happy customers, he's making his best-selling ice cream—Moxie flavored. He's the only Moxie Ice Cream maker in the world; and he has plenty of takers—including scads of kids and Governor Joe Brennan, a triple dipper.

"Moxie ice cream, you say?" remarked Bill McMorow of Poland Springs, "Holy smoke! That sounds better than my old favorite, those Moxie lollipops. On April 19th, in 1924, I was at the Concord-Lexington parade in Massachusetts when a man on the Moxie Wagon handed out those suckers by the dozen—to get us kids used to the flavor, I suppose."

George M. Cohan, that much-loved Yankee Doodle Dandy, sang the praises of Moxie. An officer of the United States Army Recruiting Service hit the streets astride a Buick Moxie horse-

mobile during World War I. The ubiquitous pointing Moxie Boy ads provided the motif for James Montgomery Flagg's "I WANT YOU FOR THE U.S. ARMY" Uncle Sam posters.

Pin-back buttons depicting a red, white and blue Uncle Sam hat, and bearing the inscription "What This World Needs Is Plenty of Moxie" were broadcast by the bucketful, making it probably America's most patriotic soda pop.

After World War I, a Maxwell Moxie horsemobile was used to promote the sale of Victory Liberty Loan bonds in Bangor. When we got into World War II, Moxie produced singing commercials with the following chorus sung by the All-American Victory Quartet:

*The Army, the Navy, the Air Corps  
and Marines,*

*they've got Moxie.*

*And you folks at home building all  
our war machines,  
you'll need Moxie.*

*It's cooling and refreshing; it's sure  
to give you pep;*

*And when you march along with  
Moxie you'll be right in step.*

*So buy it and try it; if you want  
victory, you'll need Moxie!*

Moxie, the soft drink, soda pop—call it what you will—got its start in New England, where it is still referred to as a "tonic." This was in 1884, the "official" beginning of Moxie—two years ahead of Coca-Cola. So, naturally, the present year is Moxie's recognized 100th anni-

versary.

But Moxie really goes further back than 1884. According to *Business Week*, Moxie was "First brewed in 1876, and promoted as Moxie Nerve Food; it was once the nation's No. 1 soft drink, out-selling Coca-Cola." This being the case, Moxie's true centennial should have been celebrated together with the nation's 200th anniversary in 1976.

Given the 1884 date, Moxie made its official bow between the debuts of the Brooklyn Bridge and the Statue of Liberty, in the same year that the Washington Monument was completed. This shining company spawned a name for the Spirit of America; gave birth to the most American word in the English language, "moxie."

One hears "moxie" on the radio and TV, and comes across it in the best-selling novels of Judith Krantz, Tom Wolfe, William Least Heat Moon, Brian Daley and many others. Most notably, sportscasters and those covering the Olympic Games are using "moxie" to describe a special attribute of American athletes.

## NERVE FOODS & NOSTRUMS

Nerve foods and other nostrums were nothing new in 1876. In the era following the Civil War, a plethora of patented potions improved the conditions of their promoters, if not their patrons. When Dr. Thompson began bottling his Moxie Nerve Food in Lowell, Massachusetts,

## Allergy Avoidance

The best treatment for all allergies is to avoid the allergen. Here are some preventive recommendations:

- Infants of allergic parents should be breast-fed, if at all possible.
- Use an air conditioner with filters.
- Filters in furnaces should be changed regularly.
- In a damp climate, a dehumidifier can cut down on allergy-stimulating spores.
- Wearing of clothes made of synthetic fibers can reduce exposure to irritants such as wool. Synthetics in pillows, mattresses and furniture are preferable to horsehair, down and feathers.
- Avoid household dust by cleaning with damp cloth.
- Hairy pets, particularly cats, may be a no-no.
- Avoid smoking and eating highly allergenic foods, such as eggs, shellfish, tomatoes, and chocolate.
- If sensitive to ragweed and pollen, stay inside early in the morning during the "season"

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Seat 15	*Oak	*Oak	*Oak	*Cal	*Cal	*Cal	*Cal
22	23	24	25	*Chi	*Chi	*Det	*Det
29	*Chi	*Chi	*Chi				



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that town was already famous as the home of three highly successful cure-alls which were selling widely, especially in South America, where doctors were scarce.

It wasn't obligatory, of course, for an elixir to be developed from a secret Indian recipe; still, there's no doubt that such a claim could help sell all sorts of snake oil. Although most nostrums were sold through stores and mail-order houses, many were hawked in the boon-docks from the backs of the vehicles in which they were bottled—some still are.

The woods may no longer be full of Indians, but more than a few of these native Americans were once highly visible as stock-in-trade standbys at medicine shows. No peddler of panaceas with wampum on his mind was likely to sally forth without at least one Redskin, in eagle feathers and beads, to bestow blessings on the believers who bought the magic waters—or put the Injun Sign on the doubters who held onto their dollars.

No record has come to light indicating that the Moxie Company ever ran such a show, but the Indian inference was, willy nilly, in its name. Folks knew that, down in Maine, the mysterious Moxie Falls, steeped in Indian lore, tumbled its sparkling waters in a stream that emptied into the Kennebec (Long Water Land) River; that there was a Moxie Cove in Round Pond, near Damariscotta (River of Little Fishes); and that, somewhere else in Maine, deer came to drink from Moxie Pond, hidden among the hills where moxie berry and moxie plum grow. Chief Moxus and his Moxie Indians couldn't have dreamed of what they began. In their language, "moxie" means "dark waters."

(How "nostrum," the Latin word for "ours," came to mean what it does in English is rather puzzling. Perhaps it's because so many of these panaceas were eagerly accepted by the public. Moxie, in particular, became "ours" to a continuously loyal coterie of Mainers who called themselves "Moxie Drinkers." Today, bumper stickers on their descendants' cars proudly proclaim: MOXIE MAKES MAINERS MIGHTY!)

Patent medicines vied with one another in their boasts; and Beverage

Moxie Nerve Food was certainly not to be outdone. One of its labels stated that the bottle's contents could "recover" brain and nervous exhaustion, loss of manhood, imbecility, paralysis, locomotor ataxia and much more. It wasn't until 1906 that the federal government put a stop to "unsubstantiated claims for products shipped across state lines."

Dr. Thompson's elixir—"a bitterish concoction of gentian-root extract and about twenty other flavors," including that most American Root of Roots, the Sassafras—hit the market at a most propitious time. The era was ripe for reaping. Then, as now, people believed in what was happening—what they were hearing and reading about.

## GREAT AMERICAN HERO & HYPE

What happened was that Frank Morton Archer arrived on the scene, an intrepid entrepreneur armed with hair-trigger charisma, wizardry and a free-wheeling imagination. With a flair for showmanship—and prophesying profits galore—he uncorked a Moxie phenomenon. He gave magic to Moxie; put Moxie on the tongues of millions of his Believers.

No longer a cure-all to be taken by the spoonful, Moxie was now a carbonated "tonic"—harmless even if taken in large draughts. What had once been sold by the bottleful was now as eagerly bought by the case. And it still tasted like medicine; so, surely, it must be "good for a body."

Unlike most nostrums of its day, Moxie contained "not a drop of Medicine, Poison, Stimulant or Alcohol." What persuaded people to consume vast quantities of Moxie was not some addictive ingredient. The ingredients for Moxie's success were outside the bottle: a Great American Hero and his Hype.

Archer set new bench marks in advertising which still bear his imprimatur. An item in a recent issue of *Fortune* discusses "marketing moxie." *Car & Driver* headlined a piece about Nissan's new model as "A Maxima with Moxie!"

While Archer bull's-eyed his market, sales of Beverage Moxie Nerve Food soared. Folks guzzled so much of the stuff that the name of the product gave rise to a popular comment. Whenever



anyone exhibited an uncommon amount of nerve, he was said to be "full of Moxie." Thus, the basic meaning (nervy) of the word "moxie" was born. It is listed in most dictionaries, today, as meaning: energy, courage, pep—and probably more other synonyms than any other word.

Frank Morton Archer made his bid for fame and fortune at a time when "Bound to Rise," "Risen from the Ranks," and "fifty more of the best stories for boys ever written" were definitely not joking matters—and Archer made sure not to hide the fact that he had come from a small town in Maine, practically penniless, to make it big in the metropolis of Boston.

From the Bangor Daily News, Bangor, Maine, December 31, 1926

#### BOYS—GET YOUR MOXIE SLEDS TODAY

*Well, today is the day that all young news carriers and newsboys who carry the routes and sell The News in Bangor, Old Town and Brewer will receive their Moxie sleds at The News office. This afternoon at 2 o'clock every youngster bearing the proper certificate—which will be issued by the business office—will be presented with a brand new sled by one of Frank Archer's representatives at this office.*

*These sleds are just the thing for boys who carry paper routes averaging 100 or more papers, for each sled is equipped with a small box the right size for the papers.*

*So boys—be at The News office this afternoon and get your sled. There are no strings attached to these gifts, for Frank Archer is always doing just this sort of thing. It is nothing for him to open up and shower his friends with little gifts, and all newsboys are his friends. He made his way in the world from an humble start, and is always trying to help others up with him.*

When Victor Appleton's "Tom Swift and His Electric Runabout" was captur-



ing the imaginations of thousands of American boys, and James A. Braden's "Auto Boys" tales were being devoured behind large geography books in one-room schoolhouses, Archer sent his Moxie Men out on the highways and byways of the country in gasoline, steam and electric vehicles.

The very first horseless carriages ever seen in many towns had M O X I E lettered on their sides. Many a kid ran screaming home to his mama with the news that he had just seen a moxie go down the road.

*Above: Moxie bottles through the years.*

*Below: Somewhere in Maine, 1919. Vaudeville actress Edith Hutton in the saddle of the Moxie ponycycle, followed by George Gebow, Moxie distributor for Maine, in the truck.*



While Thomas Alva Edison was elevating himself to industrial sainthood, Frank Morton Archer bought himself a piece of the action as a fellow inventor. The original six-pack bottle carrier was stamped DEvised BY F.M. ARCHER EXCLUSIVELY FOR MOXIE, REGISTERED. Archer "devised" many other items, which he produced to promote Moxie—and his own name—from coast to coast.

Cashing in on the growing popularity of the American cowboy, Archer "invented" the Moxie Ponycycle—as part of his T.N.T. COWBOY OUTFIT—consisting of a dummy pony mounted on the sidecar of a motorcycle to be driven by a "specifically engaged" cyclist "late of the American Army Dispatch Service."

In a tandem seat directly behind this motorcycle jockey, and on a saddle on the dummy pony, were two young ladies dressed in fetching cowgirl outfits. One was a silent-movie queen, and the other was a popular vaudeville actress who had astounded Boston audiences by soaring above their heads, in the darkened theater, in a little mock-up airplane, while singing "Come Josephine in My Flying Machine."

This colorful crew and their half-animal contraption careened about in many eastern cities—under the direction of George Gebow, Moxie's Maine distributor—in a merchandizing endeavor that wasn't topped until Archer devised his answer to "Get a horse!"

Archer applied for a patent for his Moxie horsemobile on November 21, 1916; and the patent, No. 50374, was granted on February 27, 1917. This weird engineering feat consisted of a dummy horse mounted on an automobile chassis, and was driven from the horse's saddle.

Saxon, Dort, Maxwell, Essex, Buick, LaSalle and Rolls-Royce cars were converted into "Moxiemobiles" and roamed for hundreds of thousands of miles throughout a great many states. One survives, a 1929 LaSalle which was impeccably restored in 1975. It may be seen during Moxie's centennial celebration in Maine.

"When I got my first 'horse'," says Mark E. "MOXO" Barker, Moxie's daredevil, Yankee-Doodle-Moxie-Boy driver, "I thought it was the most beautiful

thing I had ever laid eyes on, a shining white horse atop a spanking new Essex chassis. I could hardly wait to drive my splendid steed home to Presque Isle and show it off to my mother and all my relatives."

Sixty years later, George B. Harrigan, manager of a motel in Bangor, recalls: "During the early 1930s, I was a bellhop at the Snell House in Houlton. The driver of a Moxie horsemobile was a guest there and offered to give me a lift to Monticello to see my brother. We left about 5 pm on a chilly evening in late September. I straddled the hood of this Essex, ahead of the horse. I hope I never get that cold again." The driver, we hope, was bundled up a bit better than his passenger.

By 1920, the name of Frank Morton Archer had become so well associated, in the minds of the public, with a 100-percent American business success, that he was able to personally recommend his own product with unquestioned authority. In those days, "Frank Archer says!" packed more punch than does any name today—including E.F. Hutton.

A collection of 1926 and 1927 *Cape Cod* magazines has been unearthed; and on their backs are full-page ads for Moxie with "Frank Archer says!" messages—such as the one for a Thanksgiving issue: "Let us all be thankful for health, prosperity, and for Moxie."

By the simple expedient of association, Archer always managed to keep Moxie—and himself—in estimable company. When he died, in 1937, most of the important men in Boston and from beyond were at his funeral. The governor of Massachusetts was one of his pall bearers.

Archer was also highly esteemed by his "associates." He never called his staff or workers "employees." Nick "Joe Bananas" Zaffiro (who worked for the Moxie Company for over 51 years); Robert Byrne, a Moxie Boy from Brockton, Massachusetts, and "Ole" Olson, the "Moxie Viking" (who sent his regards from Saudi Arabia), all spoke well of Frank Archer.

MOXO Barker says: "I guess Frank Archer knew that I always thought of  
Page 36 . . .



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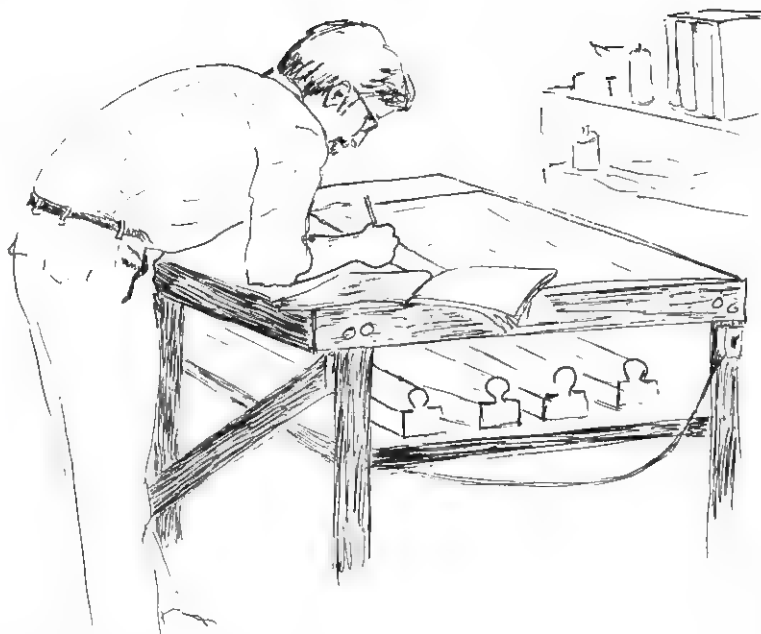
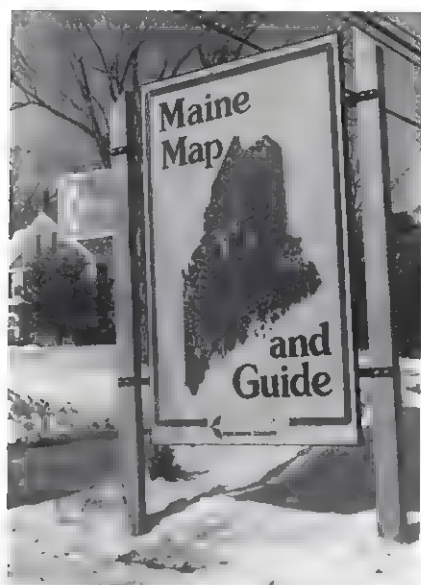
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July 14 & 15, 1984 are proclaimed to be MOXIE DAYS IN MAINE. Celebrations will take place Sat. in Lisbon Falls & Sun. at Founders' Day on the fairgrounds in Union, Maine—the birthplace of Moxie's originator.





## CHARTING THE CHANGING FACE OF NEW ENGLAND

*by Sara Gallant*

Picture this: a commercial product line which encompasses every hummock and hollow of the state of Maine. Herbs, fish, terrain, mammals, trees—the whole outdoors is included. These products open up our state to our own eyes and provide valuable services for visitors, yet one each of the whole collection wouldn't fill one summer camper's trunk.

The mystery product is the series of atlases, maps, books, and prints published by the DeLorme Publishing Company, of Freeport, Maine. This native-grown business began around the kitchen table of David DeLorme. The first product was the *Maine Atlas*, published in 1976.

Expansion and growth have brought the firm to a building on Route 1, just outside the shadow of L. L. Bean's new coastal monolith of a factory. The DeLorme catalog now details over 50 items. Talking with David DeLorme about the origins of his firm and the process of mapmaking makes plain the wide range of activities and the depth of

thought necessary to produce a good, serviceable map.

From its center at the Maine Map and Guide building, a network of pathfinders is spread across the state. At any one time, some of the 15 or so employees may be out driving the roads, checking mileages and recording natural features and terrain conditions. Others are interviewing forest rangers and game wardens who provide much of the backwoods detail needed for mapping Maine.

These eyewitness accounts of what's going on under the canopy of trees that covers most of our state are crucial. For instance, beaver activity changes the face of Maine from year to year. New ponds well up behind new dams. Old ponds subside through abandoned dams. The care with which DeLorme updates his maps can be significant for the map user far out in the unorganized territories, looking for the best route home. The road marked on an old map may be under acres of water this year.

Back at the office, data gathered from the field is compared with aerial photos.

Satellite photos are another reference tool—DeLorme has used shots taken by our federal government's Landsat satellites. The company is eager for the launching of the French S.P.O.T. system, which promises photos with much higher resolution.

A mapmaker assumes responsibility for the welfare of others. At Maine Map and Guide, the major expense incurred in coming up with a new map is in analyzing and certifying the correctness of the information to be published. Sources are cross-checked. Information which may be opinion must be winnowed out.

The products produced by DeLorme Publishing Company are variegated and complex to an unusual degree, especially for a small enterprise. Poking around the workroom, where people are bent over the large light tables used for drafting the maps, one can find much of interest. However, the dynamism of the maps cannot be captured by camera.

Pull out a wide, flat drawer and flip through the layers of large negatives. One

# View Askew

... Being a sweet and sour look at life from Georgetown, Maine, "the center of the Universe."

## The Artist

One of the first things my cousin Pam did when she came up from the city was to wash two years of soot and wood smoke off my curtains. They had just started to stream out in the wind when Gramp Wiley rushed over from his trailer next door and shouted in a very excited voice: "Quick! Get them old fashioned curtains off the clothesline."

"What are you talking about?" she asked politely.

"I ain't seen Andy Wyeth go down by yet this morning."

Before the words were out of Gramp's mouth, I was yanking the curtains off the line and rolling them into a wet ball under my arm.

Pam looked at us as if we were crazy. "If you lived around here you'd understand," I said sheepishly. "Tell her about it, Gramp."

"For years everyone with a house on the road between Thomaston and Port Clyde has lived in fear," he said with a shiver. "I suppose you noticed that our homes are all freshly painted and kept up down here."

"It's a very pretty village," Pam agreed.

"Andy Wyeth's doing," said Gramp as he looked at the road nervously. "Every morning he loads a couple of his dogs into his Jeep and drives right by here on his way to his family's old studio where he works. If anyone along here let a house get weather-beaten, Andy'd be right out in their front yard drawing it on a sketch pad."

"Suppose you accidentally kicked out a pane of glass in your front window," I added, "and stuffed a rag in the hole. Andy'd have it in a painting within two days. A week later you'd see a photograph of it in *Time* magazine."

"Why, that would be great," said Pam brightly. "You'd be famous."

"We're tired of being famous," Gramp snorted. "Think what that means. Every two weeks for the rest of your life there'd be a reporter around from some slick magazine wanting to do a story on you and your quaint old house. And when you replaced the glass in your

window, every arty photographer in the free world would get mad."

"Half of your neighbors would be jealous," I added, "and the other half would be asking you to get Andy's autograph. You'd never get a moment's rest. No matter what you did, everyone in town would have their own reason to hate you."

"And that's not all," said Gramp. "Every time Andy paints something, a tourist steals it for a souvenir. After he did the lightning rods on Hen Teel's roof, a dowager from Connecticut climbed up there and walked off with them."

"I've seen a banker from New York get out of a Rolls Royce right in broad daylight and tear the clapboards off Ralph Cline's house."

Pam looked around my back yard and nodded. "I wondered why it looks so good out front of your house and so messy out back."

"Right," I said. "As long as everything looks ok when he drives by, we're safe. But he would have seen those fancy old curtains blowing in the wind, and only a hound dog chained to a tree would fetch him in here any quicker."

"And if he ever sees all the old wagon wheels out back, we'd never get rid of him," said Gramp with a shudder. "Sooner or later he'd ask for a drink of water or something, just to get a look at the inside of the old house."

"Before you'd know it, there'd be hundreds of tourists throwing beer cans and paper plates on my yard," I continued. "They'd be lined up to see my old pantry where Andrew Wyeth painted 'Hermit's Despair'."

Gramp Wiley herded us out of view of the road before he felt safe to say: "I'll take them curtains home and throw them in the drier. If he done one sketch of this place there'd be so many people crawling through these lilac bushes we'd have to start pulling our shades when we got ready for bed."

©1980

Robert Skoglund

... DeLorme

of step A, one of step B, one of A + B, one of C, one of A + C, one of A + B + C, one of D... The Maine Map and Guide, a road map, required 350 negatives—75 pounds of film! Some of the individual color separations are printed and are hanging on the wall.

Balancing the emphasis given each negative is a delicate art. The composite needs to make plain to the reader first the information he needs most. With further study it should reveal the information of secondary importance. The motorists' map is perhaps the most familiar DeLorme product. The company has donated hundreds of thousands of them to the state for the government's promotional programs.

A new product, soon to be in print, is a map of the state which identifies political entities. Counties and towns stand out; roads are noticed only after a closer look. The hand drawn and painted version, perhaps six feet high, leans informally against a wall. Even behind some smaller pieces, it dominates the scene. At that scale, the marks of the artists are clear. In print and reduced to glove box size, the map will appear impersonal, machine-made.

It takes few questions for an interviewer to find that the DeLorme enterprise is unique, at least in this country. Letters from satisfied customers come in frequently, with what DeLorme calls an "extraordinarily encouraging" response to the products. There are also requests to map other states, including Connecticut, Colorado, and California. Yankee ingenuity has not lost its edge!

When asked if there is ever negative feedback from map users, DeLorme explains that occasionally people do report what they feel to be errors. When invited to the office to see what the problem may be, usually the person finds he had lost track of his own location on the map and therefore read the next steps wrong. Experience at Maine Map and Guide has shown lack of navigational skills to be fairly widespread. Maine presents unusual problems, too, for in two-thirds of the state there are virtually no road signs. In fact, DeLorme estimates that only 10% of our roads are adequately marked for finding one's way around without a map. He recommends



that the *Maine Atlas* be used in conjunction with an odometer and a compass, marking points of progress on the map.

David DeLorme sees mapmaking as a language, communicating vital information about the three-dimensional phenomena among which we live. With no formal training in cartography, he learned his trade by studying existing maps from around the world and by reading books on the subject. These mentors are displayed on his office wall. From them he learned of different styles and methods for solving the problems of mapping. Mapmaking, as he explains it, is a blending of science and art. Locations and features must be established precisely, but just as important to the usefulness of the final product is the art of projecting this information in a style and format comprehensible to the public.

DeLorme appears to take pleasure in reawakening our sense of fun in exploring. He also sees a serious purpose in promoting mapreading ability. The skills developed as one learns to successfully read a map are the basis of flow chart reading. This ability to follow thought patterns which move in at least three dimensions is basic to mastery of computer age jobs.

Complex flow charts and computer technology are integral to the mapmaking process at DeLorme. Information from the single forest warden on snowshoes in the Allagash goes into the computer along with space tech satellite reports. With a wry grin, DeLorme wonders if he should let the public know what a part computers play in this Maine-woody business. Since no other company is doing the same work, a staff programmer is employed to make original software.

The core of the building is an air-conditioned room full of humming hardware. It is the studied use of high tech which permits the accurate development of such a wide array of detailed maps.

Typesetting is also done in-house on up-to-date electronic machines. The operator types the copy at a keyboard; her work is displayed and can be edited on a video display screen. Inside, the machine is following her directions in selecting type. With the push of a button



David DeLorme

or two, the galley proofs come sliding out the far end of the machine, ready for layout and paste up. When all information has been recorded on a series of photographic negatives, the projects are sent to various printers around the state.

DeLorme maps and guides are appearing on more and more bookshelves and coffee tables and are being tucked into more and more glove boxes, hand bags, and knapsacks around the region. These are signs of success. So what puts a gleam in David DeLorme's eye? His glance up at the prototype of a globe puzzle suspended above his desk, for one thing (no photos, please). A pat for the structural system model on his work

table, for another. There are still challenges in our state, and in the maps and fishing guides for New Hampshire and Vermont. The idea for developing a Maine Geographic Society has been floated. Certainly the prospect of entirely new challenges if other regions are to be mapped generates excitement. The reason for the gleam in the eye may be best summed up in Dave DeLorme's own observation that, "with each new project we re-invent the wheel."



*Sara Gallant, a resident of Cornish, Maine, is an artist and BitterSweet's administrative assistant. She has written for The Christian Science Monitor.*

*Typesetting at DeLorme Publishing*





*Above: The Galley Restaurant, sail loft on the top floor*



*Cathy Robie, stitching*

*Below: Arranging a pattern on the floor*



*Material pegged to the floor*







## HALLETT SAILMAKERS: Artists In The Rough

*by Lauren MacArthur*

Their pride swells like the ocean waves as they admire, from their loft workplace, the billowing sails dotting the harbor. "We can look out and see them being used," comments Cathy Robie, describing the pleasure she and her sailmaking co-workers feel.

Hallett Sail, located in a loft off Fore-side Road in Falmouth Foreside, Maine, is not at all the kind of place one might expect to find sails being made. This is

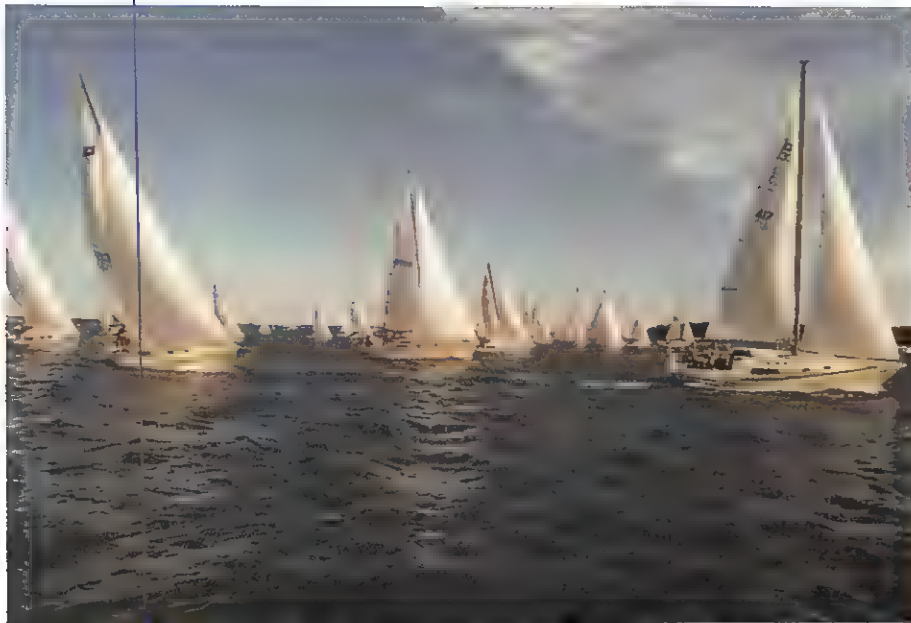
no sweatshop ocean shanty with elves slaving away. Instead it is a clean, spacious open loft suggestive of an artist's studio, overlooking the open sea.

The sail loft is part of a complex at Handy Boat Yard—including The Galley Restaurant and The Chandlery, a clothing and gift shop—all owned by Merle Hallett, himself an avid sailor.

A myriad of color greets the eye as one enters the loft. Variations of red,

green, blue, and yellow sailmaking materials are rolled along the walls like giant spools of thread.

No more than four or five hands are employed here at any one time. They work busily in their stocking feet (so as not to mark up the shiny wooden floor), the quiet disturbed only by the soft ocean breeze wafting through open windows, and the hum of the industrial sewing machines.



Jake Graves, 35, has been captain of this crew for the better part of eleven years. Born in Gardiner, Maine, he has lived most of his life in South Portland. While in college, he travelled with a friend to Marblehead, Massachusetts, to see about a job at Hood Co., a large sailmaking facility in that state.

"I didn't know a thing about sailmaking at that time," says Jake, "but I soon learned." And, although his college training prepared him for something else, and he, at various times, has tried other professions, the sailmaking art is in his blood.

Industrial sewing machines are used at Hallett, but the sails—usually made of dacron or nylon—are still cut by hand, and all the finish work is done by hand. Up to two hundred times a year, a made-to-order sail is begun by laying the basic dimensions out, pegged to the floor. The shape is drawn, the material is seamed together and then laid back down on the floor, turned, reinforced, and finished off.

Spinnaker sails—large triangular sails set on a long, light pole—take between twenty and twenty-five hours to seam. The colorful sails are made from strips of various colors, seamed together like a giant jigsaw puzzle.

The largest sails Hallett makes are sixty feet on the "luff" (a front sail), using 700-800 sq. ft. of material and costing approximately two thousand dollars. The smallest are jibs, 15-20 sq. ft., used for dinghys and small sailboats.

Many of the larger sailmaking operations today are totally computerized, with even the designs being punched out automatically. But, at Hallett, the sea-faring days of yesteryear can still be visualized as, day after day, year after year, the small crew painstakingly plots the sails for the next season's pleasure tours and regattas.

*Below: Jake Graves*



*Color photography by Merle Hallett and Mark Panico*





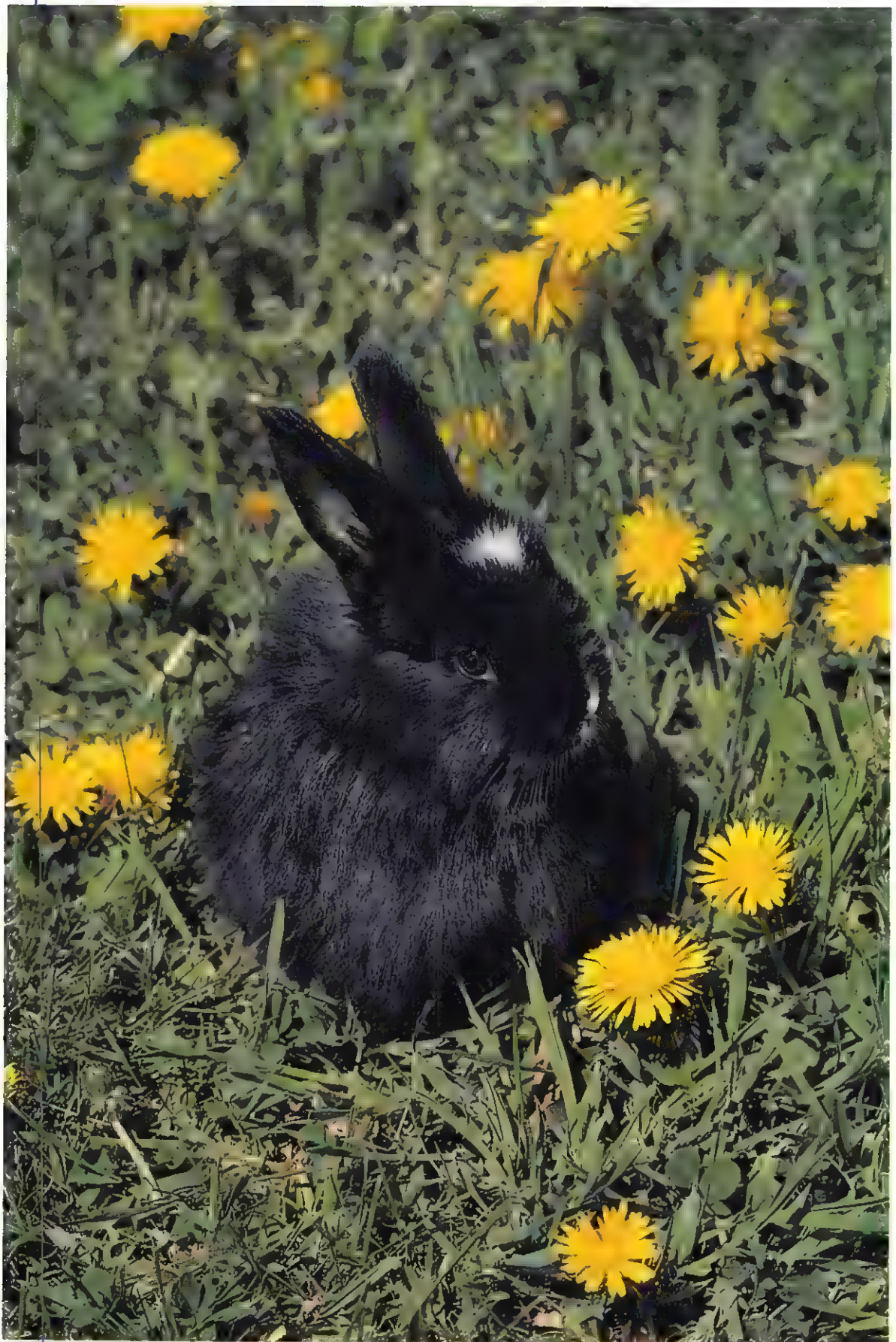
*The Animals of Summer*  
*Photography by Dodo Knight*















Roland Delamater Photos

## "Racing Widows"

### The Early Days of Oxford Plains Speedway

by Virginia Cyr

My husband built stock cars for many years and I think you will admit auto racing is rapidly rising as both a competitive and spectator sport, especially in this area. He was racing at Oxford Plains Speedway back in the days when it was the Pine Tree Racing Association and he was involved in reorganization which led to the leasing and eventual ownership by Robert Bahre. There are many sides to this sport—the actual racing being the aspect which comes quickly to mind—but there are others. The following is a brief discussion of the least known side of all, that of a "racing widow," though if you will continue to read you will soon discover the term did not wholly apply to me. Possibly that was, in some part, my own fault, but however I got involved I must admit it

provided a lot of memories, a few of which I would like to share with you.

As I said, my husband Clifford's involvement with racing began many years before my own. He was fourteen at the time; his career was ended abruptly when someone discovered how old he was and escorted him out of the pit area. (For those of you who are still unfamiliar with racing terms, the pit area is where the cars are kept between races.) It was the owner's opinion he was too young to be where he was—an opinion I am sure his parents would have heartily agreed with if they had known where he was. Undoubtedly their permission to attend the races meant as a *spectator* not a *participant*.

Undaunted (remember that word!), he and a friend a few years later built a

stock car in their high school shop class. One of their first races involved them with another car and left a spectacular bit of wreckage. Fortunately for the friend who was driving, his only injury was a cut thumb received when he tried to extricate himself from the debris. Seeing that the damage was more spectacular than fatal, they returned the following week with a new car body on the same frame and I am happy to report the results were much more satisfying.

For a few years the track at Oxford was closed, but by the winter of 1964 interest was high enough to prompt a small group of men (including my husband) to try to reopen the track. The owner was willing if enough men and cars could be found to provide interesting racing. This is where I began to

become involved. By April they had formed a racing association and were looking forward to a summer of fun and racing.

Now everybody knows a racing association must have rules and this means rulebooks of some sort. Which also means money. Which no one had much of. It was then that my brilliant husband and the father of our two sons had the first of many brainstorms. I could type, why couldn't I whip out a few copies? They wouldn't need too many—two hundred and fifty ought to do for a start! I was home, we were living with my folks so someone could keep an eye on the boys while I typed, I could make four or five copies using carbons—so, it wouldn't take too long, would it? My answer is best left unrecorded, but Cliff was undaunted and returned from work the next night with his friend, a bunch of typing paper and sufficient carbon to put out *War and Peace* at least three times.

He and friend brought out their notes of the association meeting and we began to put down all the important do's and don'ts. By the time they were finished each book contained five pages of single-spaced typing! Ye gads!! Fortunately, I like to type and I was glad to be involved in his racing interests, whatever my contribution might be. By the time I had finished those rule books I did not feel my contribution had been that small. Nor was it over.

At that time it seemed stock cars were dirty words to a lot of people, and, while many were willing to go and watch, few were eager to become involved with "those people" by working at the track. There were vital jobs such as pit stewards (to keep track of people in the pit and line up the races), track safety personnel, and scorers.

Of course, Ginny, short for Virginia and also meaning me, would be glad to score. Sure I would! I had no more idea of how scoring was done than a fencepost. All I knew about scoring was that it meant keeping track of the cars as they went around the track. That was all right, I could learn. I was not informed of my newly-elected position by my husband. He sent one of his friends to where I worked to tell me the good



news. He was quite right in his assumption that (A) I could not scream at the poor man in a more-or-less public place and that (B) since his person was not immediately available for mutilation, by the time we both got home from work I would have survived the shock and his hide would be safe. Wise man, my husband, and how well he knows me! My fellow scorer turned out to be the friend's wife. Probably he had sent Cliff to tell her the news while he was on the same errand and probably for the same reasons as already mentioned.

We both agreed we were crazy and, after our first efforts at the track, we were convinced we were insane. The scoring system at that time was atrocious (to speak kindly of it), and definitely less than accurate. We had two

men who acted as callers—calling out the car numbers as they went across the finish line to us "volunteers" who wrote the numbers down. As the caller could never complete the rundown of one lap before the next one arrived, we were sure we were insane after trying to handle an inquiry from a driver we had no record of at all.

The system needed improvement and much thought was given to the subject, the thought on our part being prompted by self-preservation. Various methods were tried: cameras (too dark at night and too much speed), different ways of calling the numbers (too slow and often hampered by the cigar in the mouth of an excited caller caught up in the race) to name a few. In desperation we hit upon a solution which is still in use and,







with good scorers, is accurate, provable and fair to all. At first there were three of us (my friend had wisely quit by this time) and, for qualifying heats with few cars, we all wrote down the numbers of each car as it crossed the finish line for each lap. Complete with original lineups and the lineups for each restart, it gave an exact position (as long as they stayed on the track) for each car during each lap of the race. When it came to the larger, thirty-six car lineups for the final race of the evening, the two men would start with the lead car and score back as far as they could while I would pick up in the center of the lap and score back to the lead car of the next lap. It was easy enough to put the two columns together to get one complete lap's car numbers if necessary. We had men to keep track of

lapped cars (slower cars passed by the leaders), and a man who called out the lead car at every new lap so that I could be sure and score back to that car, and rough riding judges who handled complaints of poor sportsmanship to the best of their ability. All in all we found a system fair to both car owners and track management and, best of all, provable to skeptical drivers, owners and wives who were willing to take the time to follow their car through each lap.

Car numbers, being about all I ever saw, became very important and more so because I never could tell one make of car from another, much to the dismay of my family. Usually I did not even know the drivers' names. Of course there were exceptions to this; after all my husband and I owned a car or two, and I would be

stupid if I did not know who drove it, but for the most part the cars were all identified by their numbers.

There would be a lot of flak going over the phone between the scoring booth and pit when we could not read a car's numbers. Sometimes they got mashed in an accident or they might have been poorly painted on. In some cases, they were nonexistent in the first place. Some guys thought they could run perfectly well with only one number, or none, instead of the required front, back, both sides and roof, until they failed to get scored for a week (after a couple of warnings) or were a mere line in the figures instead of a good solid number like they should have been. And we scorers were not in the best of moods when we had several lines (meaning several unidentified flying objects) where an unmarked car had gone by in the regular line of cars.

Whatever went past the finish line had to be identified in some way but if there was no number to be seen and something went by, the best we could do was make a line and hope whoever it was would not be involved in a dispute. If he (or they) was, we would have to go back to the original lineup and trace each car through each lap in order to find out who the line or lines were. With thirty-six cars and fifty laps to go through, by the time the unmarked car's drivers and owners had cursed their way through fifty laps, their numbers were usually big and plain the next week. It was imperative they help find themselves. After all, why should we scorers have all that fun?

During the years I spent in the scoring booth, my husband was across the way in the pits. Needless to say this caused a few heated discussions. He *was* a car owner, after all, and his views sometimes differed from the results on my scoring page. Happily I had the two guys to back me up and these differences did not occur that often.

By this time we had bought a house in Oxford. One of the house's attractions had been a big cellar. To build cars in, naturally. Somehow or other it seemed to become a focal point for local racing fans, both young and old. Some came to work on cars, some to watch and listen



and some just for the company. To say we were never alone is an understatement and it is a good thing we like people.

Due to an injury my husband could not drive his own cars, and this meant we had to have a driver. Over the years there were several. As the number of classes at the track grew, so did the number of people in our house and the number of cars in our back yard. God bless our wonderful neighbors. Gradually we became the 74 Racing Team, all members working with each other and all money collected going to whoever needed it that week. A new tire was still a financial disaster, calling for a conference with Mother (me) and a passing of the hat when our bookkeeper could not come up with the required money in our account. Not only did we have our own bookkeeper and checking account but we also boasted a certified, bona-fide mechanic. When we became the sole owners of number 74 stock car, we inherited not only the driver but also his uncle—our mechanic. Bless him. He came with only one condition: his wife worked nights and he babysat their three children. Every Friday night for a good many years, Don and kids were at our door as regular as swallows coming back to Capistrano. We watched his kids grow, as a good many people did ours, and I hope they had as good a time as we did.

I will never forget the night Don's youngest, his only son, helped me make pies; he was happily occupied for the better part of the evening with his own dough and proudly showed off the finished product. One of our drivers also babysat his daughter. Heather's favorite pastime was playing with our dog Snooper. Snooper's favorite pastime was supper but she was patience itself when Heather insisted on doling out the dog munchies—one for Heather, one for Snooper and so on until the dish was empty. (Her doctor said dog food wouldn't hurt the kid as long as the dog didn't mind.) Snooper cried a lot but other than that she didn't seem to mind, for she did love Heather. All of our crews were encouraged to bring their families and quite often did. Thank goodness for the person who invented the giant-economy-size coffee jar and

the cookie recipe that made five dozen at a time (though it was best to make two batches and have either a cake or pie and preferably both on hand, just in case). It was also wise to keep some hidden, for you would not believe the excuses those guys could come up with to come upstairs and pass the rack where the cookies were cooling.

Hidden food brings to mind another important part of race day—eating. Now, it is imperative for even a stock car nut to eat at least once sometime during the day on race days. My favorite combination was a gigantic potato-egg-tuna-salad with a loaf or two of bread and butter, plus coffee and soda. I made it a point to keep some in reserve for the times when Cliff had last minute work to do, missed supper entirely and therefore went to the track hungry. Hidden, even, in case of refrigerator bandits. I lost a few dishes that way when the reserve got eaten on the way to the track, but all in all everyone was very good about bringing back empty dishes. Probably they were afraid next week it would be them who had last minute work to do and they didn't want to miss out on the reserve supply for lack of dishes to put it in!

Every once in a while we would get down to no more coffee mugs (disaster!) and the boys' closets contained no more shirts, jackets and the like. It was definitely time to go through the cellar and the back garage. I could always count on a sink full of dirty mugs and a washer full (or more) of dirty clothes. My washer, being in the cellar, was an endless fascination for I never knew what color I would find it. If I could remember what cars had been spray-painted that week I would have advance warning, but as long as it worked it really didn't make that much difference—which was a good thing because somehow nobody ever thought to cover the washer when they painted. When the clothes were washed and ours taken care of, the extras were laid on the shelf and everyone who came through the door was instructed to pick up his own clothes and take them home. Occasionally I got calls from a wife or mother wondering if a specific article might be at my house (it usually was). Once in a while there was something

left over that nobody claimed. When that happened the extra article was put aside for later use or claiming, whichever came first.

The subject of clothes just naturally leads into the next part of this story. Cliff has this thing about neatness. Our house, our yard, our cars (stock and otherwise) always looked good. It took a lot of yelling at times, but they always looked good. Which was more than you could say for our *guys* when they went to the track. Somehow or other they decided it would be nice to wear uniforms. They would clean up and change before they left for the track. I was all for that until I learned they had decided on **white uniforms**. Whoopee! Some of the other wives weren't all that enthusiastic, either, but Cliff solved that problem in his own unique style—I could do the uniforms for everybody. Well, I *did* have several of my own to do (one husband, two kids and two boarders) so that was not too bad, even if they did have to be ironed. Except for those dreaded words—**DOUBLE RACE DAY WEEKENDS!** This meant two consecutive nights of racing, with clean white uniforms expected each night.

An easy solution: I could do it all in one load *if* everyone wearing white that belonged to 74 Racing Team shed their clothes before they left for home. Easy, right? Wrong. There was always someone who forgot to bring extra clothes. Then the old practice of closet raiding came in. Son #1 (big) and son #2 (skinny) and our two boarders (one short and one extra tall) always had something to spare. Cliff was usually safe for only he and the mechanic were the same size and nobody had ever mentioned *my* closet. I surely wasn't about to. There was always the chance someone would be tired enough, desperate enough or just plain damn fool enough to take me up on my suggestion. The first double weekend everyone forgot. The closets had already been raided, the extra clothes scoffed up and our driver about to go out the door when he was reminded that I needed his clothes—right then. To make a long story short, he went home in his undershorts, sneakers, socks and a very large towel. Fortunately he lived out in the sticks, it was

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## A FRAGMENT OF FREEDOM

by Lorraine Leighton Greig

*CAPTION ON WHEEL "Fragment of a gun carriage taken from the British in the Revolutionary War. Made during the reign of George the II about 115 years ago."*



This 200-year-old artifact has undoubtedly survived in barns, attics and sheds; but, thanks to the generosity of the Uretta Berry Family, it is now on display at the J & O Irish Store Museum, Hartford, Maine.

We can only surmise that this piece of wheel taken from a British cannon carriage during the Revolutionary War was brought home as a souvenir from a famed battle such as Bunker Hill, Valley Forge or Fort Ticonderoga by one of Hartford's thirteen brave soldiers, namely: Elijah Fisher, John Bartlett, Joshua Davis, Daniel Coolbroth, Jabez Churchill, Moses Dunham, Freeman

Ellis, Deacon Oakes Thompson, Perez Ellis, William Tobin, William Hayford, Ebenezer Washburn and Consider Sampson.

The cannon, a mounted gun for firing heavy projectiles, was usually fastened securely on wheels like a carriage so it could be maneuvered from battlefield to battlefield. To load a cannon was a lengthy procedure. First, a measure of powder was inserted; 2) wadding (rags, paper or even grass) was tapped in with a ramrod; 3) an iron ball was dropped down the barrel; 4) black powder was placed in the touch-hole and ignited with a torch. Is it any wonder that only a

piece of wheel would survive?

As we have all read, on April 19, 1775, "the shot heard round the world" was fired by the colonists. The Second Continental Congress adopted the Declaration of Independence on July 4, 1776. Ties between the colonies and the mother country had been severed.

The colonists had the advantage in that they had access to the supply of weapons which included rifles, muskets and cannons. The Flintlock Musket with a bayonet was the main weapon of the war. A soldier carried his cartridges of paper, black powder and head balls in a leather box slung over his shoulder. The

colonists knew the terrain and could easily retreat to places where the British had difficulty reaching them.

The fighting forces of the patriots consisted of militiamen and volunteers for the Continental Army. The minutemen were militiamen ready to act at a moment's notice. The locally known "East Butterfield Militia" created in 1976 under the direction of A. Franklin Roy, dresses its musicians as minutemen with brown vests topping their white ruffled shirts and leather leggings below the tan, knee-length britches. They also wear three-cornered hats.

The color guard is resplendent as Continental soldiers in white ruffled shirts, yellow vests and blue jackets with yellow lapels and tails, tan knee-length britches and three-cornered hats.

The Revolutionary War in America gave birth to a new nation. Thirteen British colonies won their freedom and became the independent United States of America. The treaty of Paris in 1783 formally ended the war.

Homemade flags were made. Since many variations developed, on June, 1784, Congress presented the nation with a memorable gift—a national flag of 13 stripes and 13 stars—"representing a new constellation."

It was exactly 13 colonies that engaged in the war and hence 13 independent states were unionized as the United States. Is it only a coincidence that Hartford, Maine, would acknowledge 13 men as Revolutionary Soldiers?

Is it coincidence that the towns of Hartford and Sumner, Maine, became separate towns from the plantation of East and West Butterfield respectively on June 13, 1798? Is it still coincidence that the General Court granted 100 acres to 13 settlers in the East Town? Superstitious—again 13 cemeteries are located in Hartford. Is there a hidden omen that we should heed?

Is it coincidence that the painting "The Spirit of '76" by Archibald M. Willard portrays the Continental Soldier and Minuteman precisely as to dress of the new East Butterfield Militia? Is it still coincidence that a broken cannon carriage wheel is depicted in the picture and presently a similar replica is on exhibit at the J & O Irish Store Museum? Do these clues have some significance?



*The East Butterfield Militia: A. Franklin Roy, Alan Litchfield, Bill Houlihan, George Marston, Peter Roy. Drummers: Virgil Tilton, Lynn Bangs.*

*Spirit of '76*





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- 2 p.m.** Parade
- 5-7 p.m.** Public supper at the Firebarn
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## Goings On

**June 30:** The Maine Festival on Tour featuring Schooner Fare, Buckfield Leather & Lather Travelling Variety Show, and the Blue Sky Serenaders, Central School Auditorium, 8 pm, Auburn, Me. **June 30-July 1:** High Performance Aircraft Show, Knox County Airport, Owls Head, Me. **June 30-July 4:** Heritage Days, Bath, Me. **June 30-July 4:** 125th Birthday Celebration, Presque Isle, Me.

**July 1:** Free Day, the Wilhelm Reich Museum, 1-4 pm, Rangeley, Me. **July 1:** Miss America Day with Vanessa Williams in Person, 1-4 pm, Thomas Point Beach, Brunswick, Me. **July 1:** Centennial Brass Band, Ogunquit Beach, Me. **July 1-31:** Senior Art Students Exhibition, Pullen Gallery, University of Maine, Presque Isle, Me. **July 1-Sept. 21:** Sunken Garden of Tuberous Begonias, 8 am - 5 pm daily, 169 Camden Street, Rockland, Me. **July 2:** Band Concert, Village Green, 8 pm, Bar Harbor, Me. **July 3:** Windjammer fleet will sail up the Penobscot River in the afternoon, Bangor, Me. **July 3-21:** Annual Member Show, Matolcsy Art Center, 265 Main St., Norway, Me. **July 4:** NBC's Today Show will broadcast the weather live from the River City Festival with Willard Scott, Bangor, Me. **July 4:** Flea Market, Episcopal Church, 9:30-2:00 pm, Rangeley, Me. **July 4:** July 4th Celebration, parade, canoe races, excellent fireworks at dusk, dance at waterfront until 11:30 pm,

Wiscasset, Me. **July 4:** World's Fastest Lobsterboat Races, Jonesport/Beal, Me. **July 4:** Fourth of July Celebration, Brunswick, Me. **July 4:** Annual Chicken Bar-B-Que & Fiddlers Contest, Bowdoinham, Me. **July 4:** Freeport Fun for the Fourth, Freeport, Me. **July 4:** 36th Annual Children's Independence Day Parade, 10 am, Temple Avenue, Ocean Park, Me. **July 4:** Seafood Festival, Athletic Field, 11 am, Bar Harbor, Me. **July 4:** Annual 4th of July Celebration, parade 11 am; fireworks 9 pm, Thomaston, Me. **July 4-5,9,12,16,19,23,26,30:** Band Concert, Village Green, 8 pm, Bar Harbor, Me. **July 5:** Summer Film Series: "The Lady Vanishes," Museum of Art Auditorium, 7:30 pm, Portland, Me. **July 6:** Great Schooner Race, Rockport, Me. **July 6:** Rangeley Friends of the Performing Arts, Episcopal Church, 8 pm, Rangeley, Me. **July 6-7:** Rockport Folk Festival, Rockport, Me. **July 6-8:** 6th Annual Oyster Festival, Chapman Field,

Damariscotta, Me. **July 6-August 31:** Used Book Sale, Library, each Friday 10 am-4 pm, Wiscasset, Me. **July 7:** Friendship Fair, Porter Hall, Temple Street, 9:30 am-1:30 pm, Ocean Park, Me. **July 7:** Craft Fair on the Green, Ocean Avenue, Kennebunkport, Me. **July 7:** The Maine Festival on Tour, featuring Ramblin' Jack Elliott, The Celebration Theatre Ensemble, Jackson Gillman & the Blue Sky Serenaders, Performing Arts Center, 8 pm, Bath, Me. **July 7-8:** 4th Annual Dulcimer Festival, Bar Harbor, Me. **July 8:** Parson Smith Day, Open House, 1-5 pm, Parson Smith House, 89 River Road, So. Windham, Me. **July 8:** Great Kennebec Whatever River Race, Augusta to Gardiner, Me. **July 8:** Concert: Charley Pride, Civic Center, 7:30 pm, Augusta, Me. **July 9-Aug. 27:** Fish Chowder Supper every Monday Night, St. Phillips Church, 5:30 pm, Wiscasset, Me. **July 10-12:** 22nd Annual Windjammer Days; 10th-Miss Windjammer Pageant; 11th-parade & arrival of windjammer; 12th-windjammers depart, Boothbay Harbor, Me. **July 10,17,24,31:** First Parish Church "The Church on the Hill" Organ Concert, Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Me. **July 12:** Summer Film Series: "Out Of The Past," Museum of Art Auditorium, 7:30 pm, Portland, Me. **July 12-15:** Ossipee Valley Fair, So. Hiram, Me. **July 13-14:** Arts & Crafts Show, Rose Studio, Goose Lane, Appleton, Me. **July 13-14:** 7th

*Bicycling. (Maine Dept. of Commerce & Industry photos)*



*Lobster pier, Boothbay Harbor (Norton photo)*





Annual Summer Craft Fair, Town Hall, Bridgton, Me. July 13-15: 150th Anniversary Celebration, Historic Emery's Bridge Meetinghouse, So. Berwick, Me. July 14: The Maine Festival on Tour, featuring Tim Sample, The Jazz Babies and the Blue Sky Serenaders, Hancock County Auditorium, 8 pm, Ellsworth, Me. July 14-15: Annual Quilt Show & Sale, Chickadee Quilters, Town Hall, 10 am - 4 pm, Bridgton, Me. July 14-21: 4th Annual Art Guild Show, Colony Hotel, Kennebunkport, Me. July 15: 8th Annual Arts & Crafts Show, Camden, Me. July 15: Maine Maritime Museum Sale-In Auction, 1019 Washington St., Bath, Me. July 16-21: Belfast Bay Festival, Belfast, Me. July 19: 37th Annual Open House & Garden Day, 10 am - 4:30 pm, St. Thomas Church, Chestnut Street, Camden, Me. July 19: Concert: Gerald McGee, Portland Municipal Organist and Choirmaster at St. Luke's Cathedral, Portland, Me. July 19-22: 37th Annual Maine Potato Blossom Festival, Fort Fairfield, Me. July 20-22: Country Bluegrass Music Festival & Pick-up Pull, Bingham, Me. July 20-22: 19th Annual Clam Festival, Yarmouth, Me. July 20-22: Pick-up Pull & Country Music Festival, Robinsons Field, Moscow, Me. July 21: "A Wild Mountain Time," Rangeley's Water & Logging Festival, Lakeside Park, Rangeley, Me. July 21: Camden Canoe Race, Norton Pond to Shirt Tail Point, Camden, Me.

*Canoeing Lake Cobbossee (Norton photo)*

## BERNARD LANGLAIS, SCULPTOR

Exhibits 1984

The Maine Coast Artists Gallery, Rockport for three weeks, opening July 13.

The Ann Webber Art Gallery, Georgetown for three weeks, opening July 15.

In August *BitterSweet*.

July 21-22: Acadian Scottish Festival, Trenton, Me. July 22: 22nd Annual Portland Symphony Orchestra Concert, Performing Arts Center, 2 pm, Bath, Me. July 22: Aroostook River Raft Race, Caribou, Me. July 22: Engine Auction, Owls Head Transportation Museum, Owls Head, Me. July 22: Old Time Fiddlers Contest, Rangeley Inn, 1-4 pm, Rangeley, Me. July 22-29: Franco American Festival, Lewiston, Me. July 23-28: Bailey Island Fishing Tournament, Mackerel Cove, Bailey Island, Me. July 23-Aug. 3: The Wilhelm Reich Museum Lecture: Wilhelm Reich's Origin of Life Experiments, Rangeley, Me. July 24-26: Friendship Sloop Days, Boothbay Harbor, Me. July 24-29: 3rd Annual Deering Oaks Festival, Portland, Me. July 24 & 31: Arcady Music Festival, Congregational Church, 8 pm, Blue Hill, Me. July 25: Ocean Pines Fair, The Pines off Massachusetts Avenue, 10 am - 2 pm, Ocean Park, Me. July 26: Summer Film

Series: "Our Man in Havana," Museum of Art Auditorium, 7:30 pm, Portland, Me. July 26-28: Production: "Oklahoma," Rangeley Lakes Region School, 8 pm, Rangeley, Me. July 26-28: Friendship Sloop Races, Boothbay Harbor, Me. July 26-29: World's Fair, North Waterford, Me. July 27: Logging Museum Burying of The Bean Hole Beans, Rangeley, Me. July 27-29: 7th Annual Quilt's '84 Show and Sale, Pine Tree Quilters Guild, High School, Lisbon Falls, Me. July 27-29: Bluegrass Festival, John Millar Arena, Houlton, Me. July 28: Old Timers Night Grange Supper followed by historical chats & slide show, No. Whitefield, Me. July 28: Logging Museum Parade & Field Day, 10 am, Rangeley, Me. July 28: Central Maine Egg Festival, Pittsfield, Me. July 28: 31st Annual Bean Hole Bean Festival, Oxford, Me. July 28: Highland Pipers, Ogunquit Beach, Me. July 28-29: 14th Annual Gem and Mineral Show, Foss Hall, Colby College, Mayflower Hill Drive, Waterville, Me. July 29: Tom Jones in Concert, Civic Center, 7:30 pm, Augusta, Me. July 29-Aug. 5: Tuna Tournament, Brown Brothers Wharf, Atlantic Avenue, Boothbay Harbor, Me.

August 1: Sarah Orne Jewett: A Symposium on Her Life and Legacy, 9:30 am - 6 pm, Sarah Orne Jewett House, South Berwick, Me. August 1-2: Gallery Talk: The Art of Winslow Homer, Great Hall, Free Admission,

*Band concert on the green, Weston, Vt. (Vt. Travel Division photo)*



Museum of Art, Portland, Me. **August 2:** Sidewalk Art Show, Main Street, 10-4 pm, Rangeley, Me.

#### VERMONT

**July 1:** Vermont Symphony, Hildene Meadowlands, 7-9 pm. Info: 362-1788, Manchester, Vt. **July 4:** Parades and celebrations are held in the following towns, as well as other communities around the state: Barton 525-6222, Burlington 863-3489, E. Corinth 439-5417, Middlesex 223-5915, Plainfield 454-8461, Randolph 728-5682, Saxtons River 869-2110, Warren 496-2709, Waterbury 244-8447. **July 4:** Auction, Bazaar & Barbecue, Old fairgrounds, E. Corinth; Auction & bazaar 10 am, barbecue 12:30 pm. Info: 439-5417. **July 4:** Auction, Bazaar & Barbecue, Methodist Church, 10 am. Info: 985-3981, Shelburne, Vt. **July 5-Aug. 11:** Champlain Shakespeare Festival, Royall Tyler Theater. Info: 656-2095, Burlington, Vt. **July 6-7:** Old Time Fiddler's Contest, Union H.S. Info: 463-4280, Bellows Falls, Vt. **July 7:** 18th Annual Fiddlers Concert, Kent Tavern Museum, 2 pm, Donations. Info: 223-5660, 828-2291, Calais, Vt. **July 7:** Antiques Festival, Hildene Meadowlands, All day. Info: 362-1788, Manchester Vt. **July 7-Aug. 12:** Marlboro Music Festival, Marlboro College. Info: 254-8163, Marlboro, Vt. **July 11:** 40th Annual Sugar-on-Snow Supper, Community House & United Church, 5,6,7 pm, \$4, under 12 \$2.50. Info: 895-4432, Morgan, Vt. **July 12:** 15th Annual Flea Market, Fairgrounds, 10-4 pm. Info: 439-5547, E. Corinth, Vt. **July 12:** Fair, St. James Church lawn, 10-4 pm. Info: 457-1727, Woodstock, Vt. **July 13:** Village Night, Portland & Main Sts, 6:30-9 pm, Free. Info: 888-5658, Morrisville, Vt. **July 13:** 25th Annual All-Breed Dog Show & Obedience Trial, Union H.S. 9-6 pm, \$2, under 12 free. Info: 295-3476, Woodstock Vt. **July 13-14:** Church Fair, Norwich, Vt. **July 14:** 14th Annual Antiques & Uniques Festival, On the Common, 10-5 pm. Info: 864-9883, Craftsbury Common, Vt. **July 14:** Midsummer Festival, Artistic & cultural events, Vermont College, Noon-10 pm. Info: 229-9408, Montpelier, Vt. **July 15:** Church Fair, Booths 10:30 pm, auction 2 pm, barbecue 5:30 pm, parade 7:15 pm, Common. Info: 754-8849, Irasburg, Vt.

**July 15:** 33rd Annual Green Mtn. Dog Show, Topnotch Field, 9 am. Adm. Info: 253-7321, Stowe, Vt. **July 19-22:** Connecticut Valley Fair, Bradford, Vt. **July 19-22:** Aquafest '84, Aquatic events, craft show, parade, dances, International Swimathon on Sunday. Info: 334-7782, Newport, Vt. **July 19-22:** Vermont Quilt Festival, Antique quilts, fashion show, contest, more, Norwich University campus. Adm. Info: 485-7729, Northfield, Vt. **July 20-22:** 3rd Annual Church Street Festival of the Arts. Art exhibits, demonstrations, music, entertainment, Church Street, Free. Info: 863-1648, Burlington, Vt. **July 20-22:** 12th Annual Craft Show, Over 100 handcrafters display & sell, Ice Rink, Stowe Village, 10-5 pm. Info: 253-7321, Stowe, Vt. **July 21:** St. Peter's Church Fair, Pleasant & School Sts. Info: 442-2911, Bennington, Vt. **July 21:** 2nd Annual Church Fair, Ballfield, 10 am. Info: 875-2468, Grafton, Vt. **July 21-22:** Lamoille County Field Days, Johnson, Vt. **July 22-Aug. 12:** Mozart Festival. Info: 862-7352, Burlington, Vt. **July 22:** Horse Show, Smugglers' Field, 9 am. Adm. Info: 253-7321, Stowe, Vt. **July 22-29:** Performing Arts Festival Week, House tours, concerts, more, Day & eve. Info: 253-7321, Stowe, Vt. **July 26-29:** 26th Annual Summer Festival, Fireworks, entertainment, barbecues, parades, Village Green. Info: 868-7200, 7180, Swanton, Vt. **July 28:** 5th Annual Goshen Gallop, Running race followed by barbecue & square dance, Blueberry Hill, 4 pm. Adm. Info: 247-6535, Goshen, Vt. **July 28:** Windsor County Field Days, Barlow's Field, Springfield, Vt. **July 28:** Bennington County 4-H Fair, Sunderland, Vt. **Early July:** 18th Annual Flower Show, Bethany church, 1-5 pm, \$.25. Info: 728-3761 (exact date not available at time of publication), Randolph, Vt. **July:** 31st Annual Country A-Fair, Recreation Field. Info: 453-3378 (exact dates not available at time of publication), Bristol, Vt. **Late July or early August:** 32nd Annual Cracker Barrel Bazaar, Arts & Crafts, antique shows, supper, 10 am-dusk, on the Common, Old-Time Fiddlers' Contest, Fri. 8 pm. Info: 866-5518 (exact dates not available at time of publication), Newbury, Vt.

*We regret that the state of New Hampshire did not send listings*

ETC.

**Summer Fair:** First Congregational Church, S. High St., Bridgton, ME. July 11, 9-2.

**Ancient Landmarks Society of Parsonsfield Genealogical Workshop** meet at Community Hall, No. Parsonsfield, Rte. 160, 11 a.m.-4 p.m. July 22-Aug. 26. Coffee served, bring lunch. Write Pauline Guptil, Librarian, Rte. N1, Box 67, W. Newfield, ME 04095.

**Harrison Old Home Days** July 11-14. Nightly entertainment, hourly raffles, crafts, carnival rides. July 11—Street Dance in evening; July 12—Campers Night; July 13—Kiddie Parade; July 14—Grand Parade.

**Russell Square Players Summer Theatre**, U.S.M. presents "The Most Happy Fella" July 3—Aug. 5, Tues.-Suns. 8 p.m., Sats. & Suns. 2 p.m. matinees. Tickets available at Box Office: 207/780-5483. \$10 (Fri. & Sat.), \$8 (others).

**Portland Museum of Art:** Gaston Lachaise Sculpture & Drawings through Sept.

**Univ. of Maine at Augusta:** Clay and Paper Collages by Lynn Duryea of Deer Isle, ME. through July 13, Learning Resources Center.

**Western Maine Art Group**, Matolcsy Art Center, 265 Main St., Norway, ME: Annual Members' Show July 3-21. Sidewalk Show & Sale July 21 (Rain date July 28). Donald Drake, Portraits July 24—Aug. 4. Hrs: 10:30-3:30 Tues.-Sat.

**Farnsworth Museum & Library**, Rockland, ME: Alan Magee paintings through July 8. Watch BitterSweet for future article on this promising Maine painter.

*"Stone Baptistry" acrylic on canvas, Alan Magee*





## AT THE COTTAGE by Carol Gestwicki

### COTTAGE CHIC

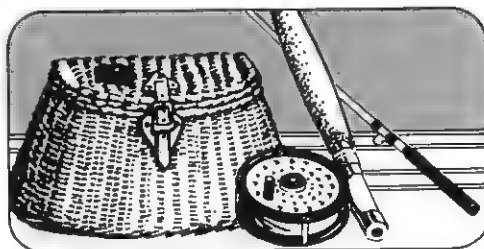
When we bought our cottage, one of the features pointed out to me was that the kitchen was equipped with a new and complete set of Melmac and matching tumblers. Everyone seemed pleased with this, so I refrained from mentioning that the very first thing I planned to do after we took possession was give away the matched set of dishes. It is not at all that I disdain from eating off plastic dishes, but rather that I come from the school of cottage decorating that feels (a) it's dead wrong to have anything matching in a cottage and (b) new things belong back in the city.

Oh, I've seen pictures of those modern cottages in leisure magazines where there are angular modular couches with color co-ordinated throw pillows, wonderful little handcrafted rugs on the floor, and earthstone pottery dishes. But they don't look like the kind of place where anybody could get away with tracking in sand from the beach or setting up for a 6 hour Monopoly game. Nor do they look like the kind of place you'd come back to, summer after summer. My school of cottage decorating firmly believes that there's nothing wrong with some distinctive lumps in a couch, and the only purpose for throwing something on that couch is to cover the watermarks made by wet bathing suits.

Most family cottages have furnishings falling into two categories: things that were too old to have been thought respectable back in the house, or in the houses of any friends or relations; or things that were considered too awful to give houseroom. In our cottage, those in the first category include a couple of chairs that we watch like hawks to be sure nobody over 100 pounds sits in them, a bed so narrow we never give it to guests who we want to come back another year, and a lamp that has to be banged on the floor in just a certain way before it gives out light. Such furnishings require little effort to acquire—everybody loves to have an excuse to get

new stuff, so they are delighted to pass on the old. And once you have it in the cottage, it's no trouble at all to keep it because all your spare cash is going into things like well points and another coat of stain for the deck. So it stays, a cheerful, ageless lot, guaranteeing no picture, ever, in a leisure magazine but offering the atmosphere of comfortable familiarity we associate with summer.

As for the too-awful-to-give-house-room category, these things take on a whole new life in a cottage. An example: a great aunt gave us an incredible salad serving set as a wedding gift eighteen



years ago. Made out of some kind of processed wood, it was carved, scalloped, painted and shaped like a two-foot flying saucer. I was sure it would stay in the attic forever, which it did until we got our cottage. Now it's used regularly, and never fails to get a comment. ("My God, where *did* you get *that*?") Too-awful crosses a fine line to amusingly-tacky, and is then appropriate for cottage decor. Therefore house guests know they have a lot of maneuvering room when they choose little gifts to bring—lobster claw ashtrays and wooden plaques with cute sayings can always find a place.

A limitless source of both items for decor and necessary cottage paraphernalia is found in the garage and barn sales that are strung along every country road during the summer season. Because I'm never here before June first, I couldn't swear to it, but I have a mental image of thousands of hammers clanging simultaneously on Memorial Day as the dauntless sellers nail back up the faded signs from previous summers: BARN SALE NEXT RIGHT and YARD

SALE TODAY. Those same signs will be there through rain and sun, tornadoes and fog, 'til the last summer visitor has gone.

I may sound slightly cynical about these sales, and it is true that an amazing number of them are overpopulated by lime green flower vases at \$5.00 each, rusted-out tools and old Readers' Digests. But the odd sale has provided us with wonderful and surprising bargains, like a lobster pot, all of the dishes to replace the matching Melmac, and enough games to last us through a month of rainy days. And such diversity is offered by these sales. We have a whole cupboard full of odd-shaped and non-matching glasses, all colors and shapes, none of which cost more than 5¢. And we once had a lively dinner table conversation with a lot of guests, everyone holding forth their opinions of the origins of our one-of-a-kind dinner plates!

"That white kind with the green border is the kind from old diners."

"And the beige with brown rim is definitely from a bus terminal coffee shop."

"The thick solid white one—I remember those from the Y."

"The kind with the pink and yellow flowers in the middle—I'm sure that used to come out of detergent boxes back when they gave things away—or was it with a fillup at the service station?"

"That wonderful square one with the faint gold at the edge—my grandmother's best dishes were like that."

Now you must admit, though we're clearly never going to be eligible for *Cottage Beautiful*, you'd never have *that* kind of discussion about a matching set of Melmac.

*Mrs. Gestwicki has a camp on one of the Five Kezar ponds in Maine. In winter she and her family reside in Charlotte, North Carolina.*



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*Kenneth Parsons  
Norway, Me.*

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## ...nor more Moxie than Maine!

him as a second Dad." Frank Head was perhaps the most loyal of all. He wouldn't say anything about his boss. He believed that a private chauffeur should remain private—even forty or more years after Archer's death. But his daughter, Doris Katz, will tell you how wonderful it was living in the headquarters over the garage on the sumptuous Archer estate in Brookline, Massachusetts.

Frank Archer's nephew, Orville Purdy, remembers him well. "You wouldn't believe it," he says, "but Frank Archer could walk sideways up a flagpole."

Many successful businessmen eventually aim at the arts. Archer was no exception. He wrote a book. His puerile TNT COWBOY is quasi-autobiographical in that it is pretty much a dream of what he'd like to have been. His hero was named after Fred Stone, a personal friend of Archer's who was the musical-comedy idol of the day. But Fred, the TNT Cowboy, did work, for a time, for the Moxie Company—doing all sorts of tricks; and, in the book, there is a drawing captioned: "Fred doing stunt on flagpole."

In a subtler way, however, Frank Morton Archer did establish himself as a legend. On the backs of "Moxie (one step) Song" sheet music, published in 1921, there's a picture of the popular pointing Moxie Boy; and beneath him "Frank Archer says—" praises the lad with many unabashed statements such as:

"The clear, friendly eyes of the Moxie Boy have made him the most famous advertising figure in the world."

"Anywhere within sight of the Moxie Boy and from any angle, his eyes gaze directly into yours in a straightforward, honest-and-true manner that is clean, sincere, and wholesome as the beverage he recommends—Moxie."

"People have used Moxie Boy cutouts," Archer goes on to say, by "putting him in a house window to discourage tramps by acting the part of the man of the family."

Because, "In almost every town and city in the United States there is someone who believes they know the original Moxie Boy," Archer continued, "we may offer a prize to the person who picks the

actual boy, furnishing us photographic proofs, etc. As a climax to this contest, if we stage it, there will be millions of surprised people, we are sure, when we publicly introduce them to the Moxie Boy, now a man (and some man at that), who posed for this picture many, many years ago."

The legend, of course, is that the pointing Moxie Boy was none other than Frank Archer, himself. Was his Scout's-oath description of himself so close to what one might use in defining a deity that Archer didn't risk the ridicule that would probably have resulted if he had dared to run an identify-the-Moxie-Boy contest?

Apparently Archer knew that he would achieve some degree of immortality by letting the public think of him as an ever-young and handsome god and let it go at that. Whatever his inner motivations may have been, he certainly knew how to sell Moxie.

Will there ever be another legend such as Moxie's? Probably not. As did Henry Ford's "Tin Lizzie," Moxie had its heyday; but, unlike Halley's comet, the likes of Frank Morton Archer may never pass this way again.

Hot dogs, baseball, apple pie and Chevrolet are fine as far as they go; but it takes a whole lot of American moxie to go sideways up a flagpole. Let's hope its mystique never dies.



*A native Mainer, Frank Potter now lives in Virginia. He has written a book: The Moxie Mystique, available for \$5.95 c/o the author at 29 Franklin Rd., Newport News, VA 23601.*



*Muriel Ostriche Moxie fan (Mrs. E. A. Crockett, Lincolnville, Maine)*



# Homemade



## BROCCOLI FOR DINNER

The Maine Department of Agriculture reports that you may soon be seeing broccoli grown in Maine in your supermarket vegetable sections. The results of a test-planting in the spring of 1982 were so positive that 12 Aroostook County farmers have devoted more than seven hundred acres to broccoli instead of potatoes this year. The farmers have agreed to a set of quality standards and two-thirds of the 3-million pound crop are already under contract to local processors and packers. The remaining one-third will be sold as fresh produce in New England markets.

It is only within this century that

broccoli has been popular in this country although it has long been known in Italy. The word "broccoli" derives from the Italian "brocco" meaning sprout or shoot.

When buying broccoli, look for firm, compact clusters of small flower buds which should be dark green or sage green and stems should not be too thick or tough. Because the florets are so delicate it is essential not to overcook or it will lose its color and turn mushy. If broccoli stalks are very thick, it is best to cut them into 3-inch stems.

It can be steamed, braised, stir-fried, puréed, broken into florets for salad. It

cooks in only 3 minutes in the pressure cooker.

Broccoli is such a versatile vegetable that we wonder how we ever prepared our weekly menus without it. It is often used with beef, ham, chicken, turkey, rice and pasta in main dishes. It combines with other vegetables and is complemented by sauces such as Hollandaise, mustard, thousand island, sour cream. Seeds like poppy, caraway, sesame added to an oil or butter sauce give a delightful flavor to broccoli. For seasonings, try dill, mustard, coriander, oregano, bay leaf and nutmeg.

Whatever your opinion of "nouvelle

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cuisine," it has taught us that some rather unusual combinations of foods can work to the advantage of a dish. Those who prefer a rich cream of broccoli soup with a dollop of whipped cream and a sprinkle of nutmeg may hesitate to mix apple and broccoli. This Broccoli and Apple soup recipe comes from **Cooking the Nouvelle Cuisine in America** by Michele Urvater and David Liederman.

#### Broccoli and Apple Soup

- 1 bunch broccoli (1 1/2 pounds)
- 3 tablespoons butter
- 1 small onion, thinly sliced
- 1 medium apple, peeled, cored and diced
- 4 cups fat-free chicken broth
- Salt and freshly ground pepper to taste
- Sour cream or creme fraiche (optional)
- Minced fresh chives or parsley, if desired

Trim ends from broccoli. Wash in cold water. Cut off flowerets and break or cut into small clusters. Pare the outer fibrous covering from the stalks. Slice stalks fairly thin. In a 4-quart covered saucepan over low heat in hot butter, cook onion and apple, stirring a few times, until softened, about 10 minutes. Add broccoli flowerets, sliced stalks and broth. Bring to a boil. Simmer, covered, for about 30 minutes.

In an electric blender whirl the soup in several batches until smooth. For a coarser texture, purée, in as many batches as necessary, in a food processor. Return to saucepan and stir in salt and pepper. Reheat.

If desired, garnish each serving with a spoonful of sour cream sprinkled with chives. Serves 6 to 7.

#### Ziti and Broccoli Salad

- 1/2 pound ziti (or rigatoni)
- 2 cups broccoli cut into flowerettes
- 2 cups tomatoes cut into 1/2-inch cubes
- 1 7-ounce can tuna fish packed in oil
- Freshly ground pepper to taste
- 3 to 4 tablespoons red wine vinegar
- 1/2 cup olive oil
- 1/4 teaspoon dried hot pepper flakes
- 1/2 cup finely chopped parsley
- 1/2 cup thinly sliced red onion

Drop the ziti into a kettle of boiling salted water. When the water returns to a boil, cook about 10 minutes or until tender. Drain and run briefly under cold running water. Drain well. Put the ziti in a mixing bowl.

Drop the broccoli into a saucepan of boiling salted water and cook until tender, about 5 minutes. Do not over-cook. Drain well. Add the broccoli, the remaining ingredients and salt to taste to the ziti. Toss well. Serve at room temperature. Serves 8.

#### Broccoli with Poppy Seeds

- 1 pound broccoli
- 1 cup water
- Salt
- 1/4 cup butter or margarine
- 1 teaspoon poppy seeds
- Juice of 1/2 lemon
- 1/4 teaspoon paprika
- 1/16 teaspoon cayenne

Wash broccoli thoroughly. Discard tough ends of stalks. Cook broccoli in salted water until heads are tender but not mushy. Drain. Melt butter. Add remaining ingredients and pour over hot broccoli. Serves 4.

#### Stir-Fried Broccoli and Romaine

- 1/2 bunch broccoli
- 1 medium head romaine
- 4 bacon slices
- 1/4 cup water
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon sugar

Remove any large leaves and trim ends of broccoli if stalks are tough or woody. Cut into 2-inch by 1/2-inch pieces. Tear romaine into bite-size pieces. Set aside. In kettle, over medium-high heat, fry the bacon slices, diced, just until crisp. Add broccoli. Stir-fry quickly until pieces are coated with bacon drippings. Add the water. Cover and cook 4 minutes. Uncover and add romaine, salt and sugar. Stir-fry 3 minutes more or until vegetables are tender-crisp. Serves 6.

#### Golden Crumb Broccoli

- 1 1/2 pounds fresh broccoli
- 1 10 3/4-ounce can condensed cream of mushroom soup
- 1/4 cup mayonnaise
- 1/4 cup sharp American cheese, shredded
- 1 tablespoon chopped pimiento
- 1 1/2 teaspoons lemon juice
- 1/3 cup crushed cheese crackers



Cut up broccoli to make about 6 cups. In saucepan cook broccoli, covered, in a small amount of boiling salted water for 10 to 15 minutes. Drain well. Turn into a 1 1/2-quart casserole. Mix soup, mayonnaise, cheese, pimiento, and lemon juice. Pour over broccoli. Top with crushed crackers. Bake, uncovered, at 350°F. for 35 minutes. Serves 6 to 8.

#### Broccoli with

#### Sour Cream-Mustard Sauce

2 pounds broccoli

Salt

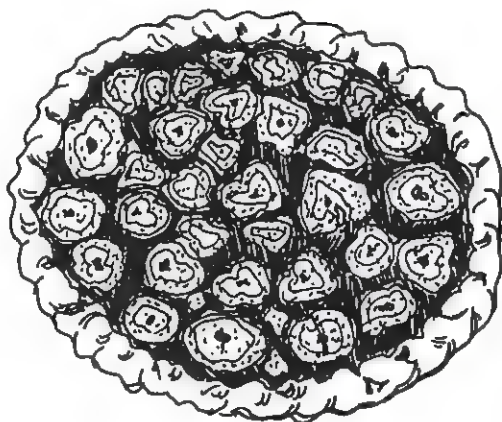
1/2 cup sour cream

2 tablespoons prepared mustard

Preheat oven to 350°F. In large skillet over medium heat, in 1 inch boiling water, heat broccoli and 1/2 teaspoon salt to boiling. Cover and cook about 10 minutes until tender-crisp. Drain and arrange in shallow baking dish.

In small bowl, mix sour cream, prepared mustard and 1/2 teaspoon salt. Spoon over broccoli. Bake 8 minutes or until sauce sets. Serves 4-5.

*Mrs. Comas also wrote the piece of fiction on page 13 of this issue. The illustration is by Nikki Butts of Norway, Maine.*



## President Ford's Strawberry Pie

#### Gerald Ford's Strawberry Pie

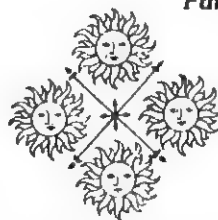
Take 2 pts. strawberries. Crush 1 cup strawberries. Simmer with 1 cup water for one min. and put through a sieve. Slice rest of strawberries.

Combine 2/3 cup sugar with 1/4 cup cornstarch in saucepan. Gradually stir in sieved strawberries, mixing until blended. Bring to boil; cook 'til thickened, stirring constantly. Stir in 5 drops red food color, if desired. Let cool.

Spoon half of sliced strawberries into baked pie shell. Pour half the sauce over the berries. Repeat layers. Chill for several hours. Serve with ice cream or whipped cream. Makes 8 servings.

*Contributed by Edith Goodwin  
Norway, Maine*

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*Following is a partial list of strawberry growers and how to contact them. The season is usually mid-June through mid-July, but that is impossible to predict. Please call first to check the availability of berries.*

## Berries To Pick...

**Acton, Maine**  
Highland Acres Farm & Nursery  
207-636-1829

**Buxton**  
Estes Farm, Waterman Rd.  
207-929-4801

**Cornish**  
Bucknell Farms

**Cape Elizabeth**  
Young's Farm Market, Sawyer Rd.  
207-799-4414  
Mon.-Sat. June 20-July 20, 8 a.m.-7 p.m.  
Containers incl./no children under 12

**Maxwell's Farm, Two Lights Rd.**  
207-799-3781

**Concord**  
Beane's Strawberries, Rt. 16 So  
1/2 mi. below Bingham Bridge  
207-672-3681  
5 lb. min., 7 days/wk. 8-8  
Bring containers/no children under 8

**Farmington**  
Farm-To-You Roadside Market  
1 mi. west on Rtes. 2 & 4, across from  
PRICE KUTTER  
207-778-2187  
7 days/wk. June 25 (4-5 weeks) 8 a.m.-dark  
8 qt. containers available or BYO  
No infants/no pets

**Gorham**  
Patten's Farm, Rte. 22  
207-839-4667  
7 days/wk. end of June-end of July, 9 a.m.-7 p.m.  
Trays 25¢ ea. or BYO/no children under 12

**Gray**  
Maxwell's Gardens, Cor. Rte. 100 & Mayall Rd.  
207-657-4053  
7 days/wk. June 24 on, 7 a.m.-dark  
Containers 10¢ ea./supervised children allowed

**Hebron**  
Bill Rupert  
Limited hours

**Kenduskeag**  
Fred Pinkham, Levant Rd.  
207-884-7995  
7 days/wk. dawn-dusk, end of June-end of July  
Containers avail. or BYO/  
Supervised children allowed



**Mechanic Falls**  
Verrill's Farm, Bailey Hill Rd. in Poland  
Please call first  
207-998-2301

**Monroe**  
The Patch Works, Riley Rd.  
207-525-7792  
8 a.m.-8 p.m., please call first/qts. avail.

**North Yarmouth**  
Gillespie Farms, Inc.  
Call farm for location & availability  
207-829-5610  
7 days/wk., late June on, 8-8 while supply lasts

**Poland Spring**  
Chipman Farm, Range Hill Rd., follow signs  
from Rte. 26  
207-998-4391  
7 days/wk., 3rd week of June on, 7-7/Call first  
6 qt. containers avail. 30¢ or BYO  
Supervised children allowed

**Readfield**  
Kents Hill Orchards, Rte. 17 across from school  
207-685-3522  
Mon.-Sat. July 1-21, 7:30 a.m.-5 p.m.  
Containers avail. or BYO/no children under 12

**Sabattus**  
Jillson's Mkt. Garden & Greenhouse, 12 Elm St.  
207-375-4486  
7 days/wk. 9 a.m.-8 p.m., mid-June on  
Must bring your own containers

**Sanford**  
Lavigne Strawberry Farm, Whichers Mill Rd.  
207-324-6322  
Please call first/end of June-mid-July  
Containers avail.; 5¢ ea. or BYO

**South Gorham**  
Ed Ahlquist Farms, Buxton County Rd.,  
Rte. 22, 8 mi. out of Portland  
207-839-4080  
Mon.-Sat. June 26-mid-July, 9 a.m.-6 p.m.  
Early a.m. & evenings by appt  
Containers avail. 5¢ ea./no children under 12

**Upper Gloucester**  
Royal River Orchards, Inc., Peacock Hill Rd.  
1 mi. no. of intersection Rtes. 231 & 100  
207-926-3344  
7 days/wk., July 1-15, 7 a.m.-5 p.m.

**Wells**  
Spiller Farm, 4 mi. west on 9A  
from Rt. 1 in Kennebunk  
207-985-2575  
7 days/wk., June 24-July 15, 10 a.m.-6 p.m.  
Containers avail. or BYO

**West Paris**  
Phinney's Fruit Farm, Stearns Hill Rd  
Look for signs.  
207-674-2377  
June 20-July 20, 7 days/wk., 7 a.m.-3 p.m.  
Containers avail./supervised children welcome

*This is only a partial list.*



## FOOD FOR THOUGHT

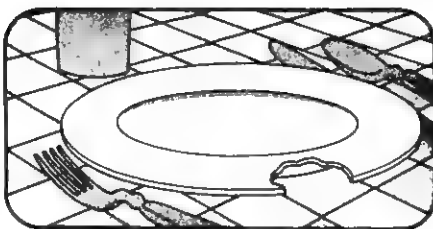
### INDEPENDENCE

In the mail the other day I received a questionnaire from the Federal Bureau of Holiday Management (FedBuHM for short). They—whoever “they” are—are surveying people born on recognized holidays to see if it’s ok to make the birthdays as flexible as the holidays are now. My birthday is July 4, as yet un-rearranged. We still celebrate the Fourth of July on the fourth of July, but not for long if the Feds have anything to say about it. Hence the questionnaire in the mail.

As nearly as I could figure out, the questionnaire wanted to know if someone born on Feb. 22, George Washington’s former birthday, for example, would mind having his birthday rotate to fit the Federal celebration of Washington’s birthday. So if you were born on Feb. 22, you would celebrate your birthday this year on Feb. 20. That’s easy enough for a cooperative citizenry to go along with, but the implications are a bit more sinister.

A whole new branch of the government would have to be established to generate all the paper work to provide everyone born on an official holiday with a set of Yearly Rotation Papers (YeRPs). This package would have to include reissues of everything from social security card to zip code, driver’s license to passport. Just projecting the date changes would keep this new government branch occupied for years. I recommend that the FedBuHM be put under the jurisdiction of the IRS so that the latter’s attention could be directed more usefully than it presently is. The IRS would be fully occupied tracking down Birthday Evaders, a task to make any bureaucrat’s mouth water.

My own particular questionnaire involves asking whether I’d mind the Fourth of July being celebrated on the first or the fifth, depending on the whims of Congress and the calendar. Tricky. It’s the tip of the iceberg. If I answer Yes, my name will instantly go



on some secret dossier of malcontents. If I answer No, where is the spirit of individuality that makes a democracy great? The questionnaire is also no doubt part of the plot to add four more digits to my zip code, rendering anonymity impossible.

Perhaps I should ask FedBuHM to send a sample YeRP for me for, say, 2001. That should keep them out of my hair until at least 2005.

To appear less carping and more patriotic let me say that today is the Fourth of July, it is still my birthday, and this year they both still coincide. I am thankful for simple things.

On my birthday I can have whatever I want to eat, a human longing no FedBuHM has yet legislated against. Fortunately, my taste and custom coincide nicely, like the date and the actual celebration. I do like salmon and peas, but what I like even better is a plate full of assorted muffins for breakfast. I like to be able to have my favorite kinds right in front of me and eat as many of each as I want, and FedBuHM with YeRPs be darned as I munch on Muffins with Blueberries. (I’ll save the other recipes for another time. Sometimes it’s best not to overdo pleasure.) For anyone needing a special breakfast for a fussy person, I happily pass on the recipe for the best muffins I know.

by Lucia Owen

### BLUEBERRY MUFFINS

2 c. blueberries toasted with  
1 TBSP flour  
3/4 c. rolled oats ground to a powder  
in a blender  
1 1/2 c. flour  
1 c. sugar  
2 tsp baking powder  
1 stick (1/2 c.) butter or margarine  
1 1/2 TBSP grated lemon rind  
2/3 c. milk  
1 egg

Combine the rolled oats, flour and sugar, cutting in the butter or margarine until the mixture resembles coarse meal. Add the lemon rind, then add the berries. Mix the milk and egg together and quickly combine with the flour mixture. Stir until just mixed and put into buttered muffin pans. Top with a mixture of cinnamon and sugar and bake in a pre-heated 375° oven for about 25 minutes. This will make 14-16 muffins. The most valuable trick I have learned in making muffins is to use an ice cream scoop to put the batter into the pans. Embarrassingly obvious.

My best birthday breakfast, delivered to me in bed by my husband, was blueberry flapjacks and trout fried in cornmeal. In my own house on my own day I am, for one minor moment, truly free. YeRPs to you, FedBuHM.

*Lucia Owen teaches at Gould Academy, Bethel, Maine.*



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## ... Racing Widows

very late and it was a very, very dark night.

Over the years our cars went every week—sometimes pretty well, sometimes not so well and sometimes just plain bad. Like the time in warmups when the car went over the curb, cleaning off everything underneath, plus one slick. A slick is a *very* expensive racing tire. In warmups, even. Or the times we found the wall. That darn cement wall has not moved an inch over all the years, but several of our cars rearranged themselves on it in all-out efforts. There were a few other instances which are better forgotten. Those we won't dwell on, and besides, my typewriter refuses to quote anybody at those times. I sure did increase my vocabulary, though!

Of course the boys are grown now, with families of their own, but we like to think they learned a few things besides working on engines, learning to weld and use body putty (lots of body putty) and paint. If the river by our old house goes dry and there is a market for second-hand spray painting outfits, I can tell you where there are a few; plus at least one set of tools that snapped every time they were used. I'm sure there must be several other goodies down there, too.

Cliff and I have not been to the races for several years, partly because we were in Florida most of the time, but mostly because we do not *dare* to go. Once we start going we will be back in it again, I know that as well as I know my own name. And I am not dumb enough to think I could escape, nor would I want to. There is still the temptation to go watch the car our oldest son pit-crews for, but so far we have resisted. That resistance *is* getting thinner all the time. Soon it will be spring and I can almost hear those engines tuning up. Aren't they beautiful? Who knows? Maybe we'll see you at the races!



Mrs. Cyr lives in Norway, Maine.  
Track photos were taken in 1983 by  
Roland Delamater, Oxford.

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# Notes From Brookfield Farm

by Jack Barnes

Few months of the year can match July for pure, unadulterated beauty. The many shades of green are symbolic of abundance and fertility.

It is the month when I first begin to realize the fruits of the many long hours spent tilling the soil; for, as the days progress, the list of vegetables and fruits that are ready for harvesting increases. There are always a few more vegetables and herbs to add a new and exciting blend and aroma to each fresh batch of salad that I make. I keep a large bowl in the refrigerator to savor whenever I feel the need of sustenance.

It is always a momentous occasion when I pick the first fresh dill and pull the first tender fennel. These two herbs add so much to the flavor of our salads and cuisine that we give little thought to our tomatoes—still big and green and obviously not beginning to ripen for weeks.

By the time July rolls around, I am in the middle of picking strawberries and haying. With an abundance of cultivated berries, I only rarely steal precious time to gather the tiny wild strawberries that grow in our meadow, but there is nothing more aromatic in this world than new-mown hay and crushed wild strawberries.

No sooner are the last of the strawberries picked and all the jars of jam stored in the section of a shelf in the cellar reserved for jams and jellies, than it is time to begin the daily picking of our raspberries—that is, if we are not traveling about in some far corner of the

universe, which is often the case. If so, when we return, we inevitably find a section of one of our freezers filled with plastic bags of raspberries. There are always neighbors who welcome the opportunity to share with us the copious yield of berries from our bushes!

unable to resist their beckoning call to go crawling on my hands and knees through a forest to get to them. After a few pickings, there are tunnels which make it easier for me to get about.

For some reason or other, I seem to be more cognizant of the sounds of Nature here. The susurrant of a gentle breeze, the liquid notes of the brook, and a chorus of bird calls—the Chestnut-sided Warbler, the Redstart, Baltimore Oriole, Rose-breasted Grosbeak, the Indigo Bunting—compose a symphony that is delightful to the ear. I often wonder if people ever pause long enough to listen to any of these lovely sounds. Picking raspberries is something I prefer to do alone. So often when someone is with me, he or she feels compelled to chatter incessantly.

"Excuse me a minute," I will occasionally interrupt a conversation that I have been attempting not to listen to.

"What's the matter?" is the usual query.

"A bird." I try to be as laconic as possible because I am struggling to concentrate.

"A what?"

"A bird! Don't you hear that lovely call?"

"Nope."

I want to say, "You would if you stopped talking long enough to listen;" or to be less euphonic, "If you shut the heck up."

But I bite my tongue a couple of times and calmly attempt to explain what it is that I am listening to. Of course, by that time the bird has moved on, and, much to my restrained frustrations, the identity of the lovely little songster will remain forever a mystery.

I especially enjoy picking raspberries, although if one were to ask me why, I might have to ponder awhile before I could explain the logic. Perhaps it is because I can remain on my feet for the most part; except when I spot some extra large berries down low, and I am

unable to resist their beckoning call to go crawling on my hands and knees through a forest to get to them. After a few pickings, there are tunnels which make it easier for me to get about. It is not that I cannot use the help picking. It is just that the price is too high to pay. Socializing is all well and good in the proper place; but as far as I am concerned, our raspberry patch at Brookfield Farm is not the place for it. No, I'll gladly accept help pitching hay later on when the sun has ascended to the center of the azure July sky—although that help is seldom proffered—but I prefer to pick raspberries in solitude.

*Columnist Barnes is a teacher at Bonny Eagle High School. He lives in Hiram, Maine.*



## BitterSweet's Berry Jam

Combine 9 cups crushed berries (blackberries or raspberries) and 6 cups sugar. Cook rapidly to thickening (20-30 min.), stirring frequently. Pour boiling hot into sterilized jars, seal with paraffin or jar covers. Crushed berries can be sieved to remove seeds.



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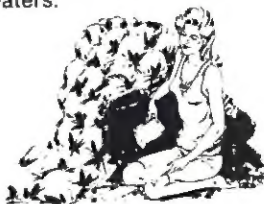
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